

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1066.—5 November, 1864.

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IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER is dying, slowly dying ;
 She fades with every passing day ;
 In the garden-alleys she wanders, sighing,
 And pauses to grieve at the sad decay.

The flowers that came with the spring's first
 swallow,
 When March crept timidly over the hill,
 And slept at noon in the sunny hollow,—
 The snowdrop, the crocus, the daffodil,

The lily white for an angel to carry,
 The violet faint with its spirit-breath,
 The passion-flower, and the fleeting, airy
 Anemone,—all have been struck by death.

Autumn the leaves is staining and strewing,
 And spreading a veil o'er the landscape rare ;
 The glory and gladness of summer are going,
 And a feeling of sadness is in the air.

The purple hibiscus is shrivelled and withered,
 And languid lolls its furry tongue ;
 The burning pomegranates are ripe to be gathered ;
 The grilli their last farewell have sung ;

The fading oleander is showing
 Its last rose-clusters over the wall,
 And the tubes of the trumpet-flower are strewing
 The gravel-walks as they loosen and fall ;

The crocketed spire of the hollyhock towers
 For the sighing breeze to rock and swing ;
 On its top is the last of its bell-like flowers,
 For the wandering bee its knell to ring.

In their earthen vases the lemons yellow,
 The sun-drunk grapes grow lucent and thin,
 The pears on the sunny espalier mellow,
 And the fat figs swell in their purple skin ;

The petals have dropped from the spicy carnation ;
 But the heartless dahlia, formal and proud,
 Like a worldly lady of lofty station,
 Loveless stares at the humble crowd.

And the sun-flower, too, looks boldly around her ;
 While the bella-donna, so wickedly fair,
 Shorn of the purple flowers that crowned her,
 Is telling her Borgian beads in despair.

See ! by the fountain that softly bubbles,
 Spilling its rain in the lichenized vase,
 Summer pauses !—her tender troubles
 Shadowing over her pensive face.

The lizard stops on its brim to listen,
 The butterfly wavers dreamily near,
 And the dragon-flies in their green mail glisten,
 And watch her, as pausing she drops a tear,—

Not as she stood in her August perfection !
 Not as she looked in the freshness of June !
 But gazing around with a tender dejection,
 And a weary face like the morning moon.

The breeze through the leafy garden quivers,
 Dying away with a sigh and a moan :
 A shade o'er the darkening fountain shivers,
 And summer, ghostlike, hath vanished and
 gone.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

W. W. S.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK green leaves from the soft brown earth,
 Happy spring-time hath called them forth ;
 First faint promise of summer bloom
 Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
 Under the leaves.

Lift them ! what marvellous beauty lies
 Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes !
 May flowers, rosy or purest white,
 Lift their cups to the sudden light,
 Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
 Seen by no eye save His who reads
 Motive and action—in silence grow
 Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
 Under the leaves ?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
 Springing from spirits bruised and crushed ;
 Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
 Touched and painted with heaven's own light,
 Under the leaves—

Full fresh clusters of duty borne,
 Fairest of all in that shadow grown ;
 Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
 Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
 Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
 Bud and blossom are known to Him ;
 Wait we content for His heavenly ray,—
 Wait till our Master himself one day
 Lifteth the leaves.

M. E. W.

—*Church Monthly.*

FORM AND SUBSTANCE.

(*A Poem by a Particle.*)

I'm an ultimate atom of matter,
 And revolve in a varying round
 Of relations, from former to latter,
 And back, in and out of the ground.

Through the river I went to the acre,
 From the city returning in wheat,
 Here I am again, sent, by the baker,
 In the loaf that you're going to eat.

All existence is but circulation,
 Up and down, down and up, as before,
 This is that, in mere recombination
 We ourselves are ourselves evermore.

—*Punch.*

From The British Quarterly Review.

The History of Normandy and of England.
By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. B., (late)
Deputy Keeper of Her Majesty's Public
Records. Vols. III. and IV. Macmillan
& Co.

THE name of Sir Francis Palgrave deservedly holds high place among our writers of English history. In his own especial department,—inquiry into the rise and progress of our legal and political institutions during the earlier portion of the Middle Ages,—there are few, indeed, who could be compared with him, either for wide range of historical knowledge, or for careful discrimination in selecting his authorities and deducing his views. Like all independent writers, he occasionally indulges in paradox, and his narrative—mostly so lucid and pictorial—sometimes becomes perplexing by its discursiveness; but with these slight drawbacks, his works are a most valuable addition to the library of English history.

The very pleasant little volume of Anglo-Saxon history, published in 1830, first introduced Sir Francis Palgrave as an historical writer, while his subsequent admirable work, "The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth during the Anglo-Saxon Period," placed him at once in the foremost rank. It is to this that we owe his largest and most important work, unfortunately left unfinished by his death, "The History of Normandy and of England;" for, as he remarks in his preface to the first volume, "English history is the joint graft of Anglo-Saxon and Norman history," and therefore it is necessary to trace the annals of Normandy from the beginning, in order to understand more clearly the relative position of the two peoples. The first volume, published in 1851, comprises a history of the Carolingian dynasty from the death of Charlemagne to the reign of Charles le Simple, together with the incursions of the Northmen and the settlement of Rollo in Neustria. The second volume, published in 1857, carries on the history of the three first dukes of Normandy, while the third volume, now before us, relates the history of the three last dukes, and, more at length, of the greatest of them all, William the Conqueror. As he occupies the larger portion of the third volume, and the beginning of the fourth, while the remainder of that is devoted to the reign of the Red King,

and a very long dissertation on the First Crusade, we shall confine our review to the more important subject,—the life of William, first slightly glancing at the previous history of Normandy.

Glorious and prosperous as was the reign of Charlemagne, yet "thick and lowering were the tempests gathering on the horizon, while the sun shone bright and cheerful on the vaulted roofs of Aix-la-Chapelle." Not only were the Slavonian tribes pressing onward, and the Saracen power slowly and steadily advancing, but the dark sails of the Northmen already loomed on the Belgic coasts, and already had these fierce pirates sought a landing on the fertile plains of France. This sad beginning of future woe to his race was, however, spared to the great ruler of the tenth century; and, weighed down as were his last days with family troubles, Charlemagne never witnessed their actual invasion. He died "right royally," surrounded by all his great officers of state; and then, clad in imperial robes, with jewelled diadem on his brow, his ivory horn slung in his baldric, his good sword Joyeuse by his side, he was borne to his chair of state in the vault beneath his throne in the Basilica of Aix, and there, with Gospel book open on his knees, his golden shield and sceptre pendent before him, sat in ghastly state,—emperor even in the grave; while Louis le Debonnaire succeeded to an inheritance of sorrow. Charlemagne breathed his last beneath the gilded roof of the palace of Aix-la-Chapelle; Louis, heart-broken, in a leafy hut close beside the Rhine, soothed by the pleasant ripple of its cooling streams, leaving to Charles le Chauve an empire more weakened and a future still darker; for the Northmen, already victorious along the eastern coast of England, now hovered on the shores of Neustria; and ere long, invited by the withdrawal of the Frankish squadron, entered the mouth of the Seine, rowed up the tempting river, and plundered and burned "Gallo-Roman Rothomagus."

It was not often that pirates obtained spoil so abundant and so precious. They hurried back to summon their brethren, and stout Regner Lodbrok, with his hundred and twenty "dragons of the sea," ploughed cheerily through the crashing ice, on the following bleak Eastertide, right onward to Paris. The inhabitants fled in dismay, having buried

their treasures; but to the Northmen, the huge beams of the church roofs and the iron-work of the gates were tempting spoils, and with these they loaded their barks. Seven thousand pounds of silver were offered by Charles as a subsidy, and the Northmen sailed back well satisfied. Arrived in Denmark, Regner repaired to Eric the Red, and related his good fortune; the king refused to believe him. Again Regner sought the presence of his sovereign, not with the silver, but followed by gangs of his crew, some carrying the long beams pulled from the church roofs, and others laden with the huge iron bar of the Paris gate. These trophies were irresistible; Eric the Red headed the next expedition, and invasion followed invasion, until the fairest provinces were subjected to their sway.

Of Rollo, the founder of the dukedom of Normandy, little can be known. He seems to have been a warlike youth, compelled by a quarrel with their "over king," to flee away with his brother to England. Here he became a viking chief, and after many successful voyages, he sailed up the Seine to Jumièges. The inhabitants, worn out with incessant attacks, now sought to capitulate, and invited Rollo "to a peaceful occupation of Rouen, *terra firma* and islands." To this he consented, and a danegeld of five thousand pounds having ratified the contract, the bold viking and his hardy followers took possession of their lands. But ere long Rollo enlarged his boundaries. The empire under Charles le Chauve's successors was too feeble to offer resistance, and, at length, not Rouen and its appendages alone, but "Haute Normandie," became the fief of the Danish rover. A noble barbarian does Rollo seem to have been. Although a pirate from his youth, he had the wisdom to recognize the benefits of civilization, and in his new territory he encouraged both arts and learning. He became a Christian, too, in his grim old age, and holy church rejoiced when he wrapped the white chrismal vestment around him, for right royal were the gifts he bestowed on her ministers, the unlettered warrior doubtless looking up with wondering admiration to the book-learned priests, to whom he committed the education of his only son, Guillaume Longue-épée. Singular was it, too, "that the reputation of Rollo the legislator vied with the reputation of Rollo the conqueror."

More than fourscore years of active life were allotted to this illustrious viking, and when infirmity at length warned him to retire from the world, his chieftains took the oath of fealty to his son, and soon after the great founder of the duchy of Normandy was laid "in the Metropolitan Basilica of Notre Dame of Rouen."

Guillaume Longue-épée fell a victim to foul assassination ere his middle age, and Richard Sans-peur, the bright-eyed golden-haired boy,—so lovingly celebrated both by chronicler and *trouvère*,—succeeded to an inheritance of strife and bloodshed. Many were the perils of his minority; but he surmounted them all, and from the day he re-entered Rouen, after his proud triumph over Louis d'Outremer, to when—a full half-century later—he was placed in the stone chest in the pathway expressly hollowed out for him, Richard Sans-peur was a name of fear to his enemies, of fond remembrance to his subjects,—emphatically the ruler "by whose deeds and doings the duchy was fashioned and framed." Richard Sans-peur was succeeded by his eldest son, Richard, on whom was bestowed the title of "Le Bon," apparently not so unsuitable a title as those usually bestowed upon rulers. In his reign the first relations of England with Normandy were formed; for his sister Emma was married to Ethelred, and her subsequent return with her two sons, Edward and Alfred, and their education in Normandy, were important links in the chain of events which led to the conquest.

Ethelred subsequently followed Emma to Normandy. He seems to have been kindly received; and from thence he returned to England, where, shortly after, he died, and was succeeded by Edmund Ironside. During this time, Emma appears to have continued in Normandy, and here her children were educated, "their hearts thoroughly alienated from England, and the Normans and Normandy became as their kindred and their home."

Duke Richard le Bon died in middle age, leaving two sons, Richard, to whom he bequeathed the duchy, and Robert, to whom he left the county of Hiesmes. But Robert felt himself aggrieved that Falaise, which had formed a portion of that county, was withheld. He went to war with his brother soon after his father's death, and seized and

held Falaise. The brothers were now at deadly strife, when friends interposed, and effected a reconciliation. Merrily they returned to Rouen; a splendid banquet was prepared; but "the young and flourishing Richard was suddenly stricken, and he passed from the hall to his death-bed." Many of the party shared the same fate, and no one doubted that poison had done its work. "Never was Robert exonerated from the imputation of fratricide; never was the dark stain effaced; never was the obscure suspicion dispelled." Robert succeeded to the duchy, of course; there was no claimant to contest his right, and whatever might be the general opinion, he soon won golden opinions from his subjects by his extravagant munificence. This well supplies the reason for his more favorable title, Robert le Magnifique:—for that less complimentary one, by which he is more generally known, Robert le Diable, it is more difficult to ascertain its origin, since, "whatever may have been his secret crimes, he never manifested any open tendency to outrage or cruelty." A wild, rollicking life did Robert lead at Falaise, his favorite residence; and here he met Arletta, and here was born his only son,—the dreaded William the Conqueror. But Robert, although pleasure-loving to the utmost excess, had talents for government, and he interfered successfully in the affairs of Flanders, and, on King Robert's decease, in those of France. During this time, the English Athelings, Edward and Alfred, had remained at their cousin's court,—their mother, Emma, now wearing, a second time, the crown of England as the wife of Canute. Robert was their sole protector, and, with chivalrous feeling, he availed himself of a short interval of tranquillity to open negotiations with Canute for "an equitable division between the representatives of the two dynasties;" and a precedent was already familiar in the case of the partition between Canute and Ironside. But Canute's reply was a defiance, "Let them hold what they can win." Robert generously accepted the challenge. He fitted out a noble fleet for the conquest of England, even while that son was in his cradle who was so direfully to achieve it. But the time was not yet. Although the cloudless sky and the prospering gale greeted the departing armament, the storm soon arose, the north wind blew fur-

iously, the fleet was dispersed, and long afterwards were the decaying hulks to be seen rotting at Rouen. But the main portion escaped, and the Athelings continued on board, lingering for the opportunity of presenting themselves; but no opening ensued. The scheme became abortive, and the conquest of England was postponed. This incident is important; for it shows the strong interest Robert felt in his cousins, and how naturally Edward, after he had become by right of succession king of England, would still look to Normandy rather than elsewhere for council and aid.

But Robert, although wealthy and prosperous, and holding a station of higher political importance than any preceding duke, was ill at ease. He had one child on whom he seems to have doated with a more than mother's fondness, and whom, notwithstanding the illegitimacy of his birth, he determined to make his heir. Of little consequence was mere illegitimacy. Some of the dukes had not been clear of that stain; nor, although Arletta's general character was disreputable, was that insuperable. But of all the working classes, the skinner's were viewed—both by the French and Germans—as the most degraded of men, and her father was one. "Those who pursued the useful, albeit disgusting, trade of skinning beasts were stigmatized as a distinct and depraved caste,—ranked among the *raças maudites* of France, holding a place somewhat between a *mesel* and a gypsy, cohabiting or marrying only among themselves;" and, here, the sole offspring of Robert the Magnificent was grandchild to old Hulbert the tanner, whom the meanest burgher of Rouen would cross the way to avoid! No wonder that the very thought of a child of such base parentage inheriting the proud duchy of Rollo was gall and wormwood to the nobles; no wonder that the lowest of the people heaped epithets of obloquy on the boy until "William the Conqueror could never rid himself of the contumelious appellation, which bore indelible record of his father's sin." Keenly did Robert feel this hostility towards his darling child,—an hostility which, naturally enough, increased when the old tanner was elevated to the incongruous office of court chamberlain, and his daughter flaunted in almost royal state as the duke's publicly recognized mistress. "The boy,

William, was the object of universal contempt ; no wonder that the magnificent Robert was sad at heart."

Suddenly Robert convened his prelates and nobles, and then made the startling announcement of his determination to set forth as a pilgrim to the Holy Land. It was not as yet the era of the Crusades ; no military leader, no monarch or ruler, had come forth with well-appointed followers "to avenge the wrongs of our Lord in his own land." Was Robert le Magnifique, then, to go forth with scrip and pilgrim-staff, a toiling wayfarer, on the long and perilous journey, undertaken by few save obscure men ? Direful was the consternation when the duke communicated this project to his lieges. Not only the strangeness of the plan, but the consequences. Should Robert die away from home, who would succeed him ? While he was absent, who would administer the affairs of the duchy ? It was then that Robert brought forward his boy, now almost seven years old.

"Pitiful was Robert's earnestness when extolling the child's promising disposition, so fitting to render him a competent sovereign. All the virtues which the courtiers' glozing flattery attributes to an heir-apparent were truths in the conception of the uneasy adulterer, wrestling against the consequences of his vice. All the remorse, all the prickings of conscience, all the stings of worldly shame spread over the life of a putative father, were concentrated in that miserable hour. Earnestly did prelates and barons repeat their remonstrances, expatiating upon the impending dangers. Robert, on his part, persevered obstinately, vehemently, until the assembly, yielding to his urgency, and moved by his misery, assented to the demand. If legal forms possess any stringency, no act of State could be more binding than the confirmation which the child's title now received. In the first place, the proud and vexed baronage performed homage and fealty. Whatever duties or services a vassal owes his suzerain, would the lieges render to the heir, rising seven years of age. This very important engagement imparted to William a valid and constitutional title, as between him and his vassal. But the duke himself would grow up a vassal, and the assent of his superior was needed. Robert therefore brought the child, his child of dishonor, before King Henry of France, surrendering the duchy in the boy's favor, and the lad, duly performing homage, became the liegeman of the monarch."

That the King of France so willingly ac-

cepted Robert's transference of his allegiance, may be readily accounted for by duplicity ; but that his haughty barons should have been moved either by his prayers or tears, seems strange. Might it not be that the sanctity which invested pilgrimage produced a commanding effect on rude but devout minds ? and the supplication which might have been refused to the duke, in merely departing on an errand of warfare or pleasure, was felt to be irresistible when urged by the pilgrim, who had stripped himself of every possession, that he might go a penitent to the Holy Land ?

In the appointment of guardians of the young duke, Robert exercised a sound judgment. The worthless mother was wholly excluded ; and Alain, Duke of Brittany, the boy's cousin, became regent, and the Archbishop of Rouen was associated with him. And now Robert set forth on his pilgrimage, but more in the array of Robert le Magnifique than the humble palmer. Harbingers went forward to prepare the lodgings ; and palfreys and war-steeds and sumpter mules, laden with luxuries, and long trains of attendants followed in his train, while, to beguile the way with pleasant companionship, Drogo, Count of the Vexin, and Toustain le Blanc took their journey with him. A pleasant portion of Maistre Wace's "*Roman du Rou*" is that which narrates this royal pilgrimage and its various incidents,—how Robert surmounted the Alps, and visited Rome and Constantinople, and how abundant was his largesse to the poor pilgrims at Jerusalem. But home he was fated never to return. After long sickness, he and Count Drogo died at Nice, from the effects of poison, it was said ; they were interred in the cathedral, and Toustain le Blanc returned to Normandy with the news, and with the relics which Robert had carefully collected.

Robert's pilgrimage had occupied between two and three years, and thus, ere he had completed his tenth year, William's reign commenced. During this time, tranquillity had been preserved in the duchy, but with the rumors of the father's failing health that reached Europe, disturbances began. William was now placed under the tutelage of Gilbert Crespon, Count of Brienne and Thor-ketil, and he was conveyed for safety to the strong castle of Vaudreuil. But ere long this stronghold was assailed by William de

Montgomery; the cousin who slept with the young duke was killed by his side; Thor-kettil, his guardian, and apparently his preceptor, was butchered; and, rescued by his uncle on the mother's side, he found refuge in a peasant's cottage. A period of fierce confusion followed, during which we have few notices of the young duke: but nearly six years of warfare among the nobles was at length, in 1042, terminated by the Council of Caen proclaiming the "Truce of God,"—that benevolent provision, which not only secured the peace of all men during the three great church festivals, but prohibited sword to be unsheathed, or battle-axe wielded, from the sunset of each Thursday evening to Monday's dawn. A long interval of quiet followed, and William grew up to stern and vigorous manhood.

"As for William, his character received full development at an early age. He conducted himself wisely and discreetly, and the sagacity distinguishing the man had previously been conspicuous in the boy. To varied talents of a high order, William conjoined athletic vigor and a noble form. It was talked of as a truth, or accepted as a truth, that none but Duke William could bend Duke William's bow. His natural gifts, whether bodily or mental, marked him for a conqueror; and the hard discipline he sustained in his youth trained him to become a chastiser of nations, a minister of punishment and of vengeance. But his greatest victory was over his own natural passions: in an age of gross and unbridled licentiousness, the conqueror of Carthage was not more distinguished for continence and chastity than William. He soon acquired importance beyond his years. A powerful and brilliant court assembled around him. So splendid, so influential was the youth, as to excite King Henry's jealousy; and the monarch, secretly alarmed at his vassal's rising reputation, was obliged, even then, to treat him with a degree of deference beyond what his years could claim."

"But the king was resolved to "bide his time," although that time was long. At length, and while the young duke was enjoying those forest sports, which from his earliest days to his latest he followed with such keen enjoyment, Henry suddenly, ere hostile message was delivered, or gauntlet flung down, poured his forces into the Erreçin, demanding the instant demolition of the castle of Tilliers. William, alive to the danger of provoking his suzerain, gave up the strong-

hold; but probably encouraged by hopes of aid from the French king, his barons now formed a confederacy against him, and bound themselves by a great oath to work his destruction. Unconscious of danger, William was sojourning meanwhile,—

"At pleasant Valognes, where temple and hypocaust, theatre and amphitheatre, testified how, in the luxurious Roman days, the locality had been prized. There William established himself, holding his court. Among his guests none more important than Galet the fool. Half demented, though acute withal, this merryman becomes conspicuous in the history of court jesters; for he had gained cognizance of the conspiracy. In the midst of the night he presented himself at William's door, in full official costume, his bauble slung round his neck; and knocking violently, he shrieked out, 'Up, up, my lord duke! open, open! flee, flee! Delay is death; all are armed, all marshalled; and if they capture thee, never wilt thou again see the light of day!' William obeyed the warning without even a thought of hesitation. No questions asked. No companions to support him. No groom aiding. Half-clad, starting from his couch he rushed into the stable, saddled his horse, and made for the ford of Vire. Hard by the river's mouth stood, and still stands, the church of St. Clement, close upon Isigny. There he tarried; maybe prayed. Bayeux he dared not enter; therefore, he edged his track between the Saxon city and the sea, skirting a neighborhood whose name is echoed on our shore of the channel,—the bourgade of 'Rye.' Doubting the loyalty of the inhabitants, he sought for the 'Manoir,' the dwelling-place *par excellence*. Day was dawning; but ere the sun had cleared the horizon, William had arrived at Hubert's door. His horse, white with foam, bespoke the urgency of the danger which had driven his rider thither. The road through which William escaped still retains the name of *la voie du Duc*. The local traditions and the *trouvers's* lay agree with singular accuracy; and the whole of this narrative abounds with particulars so minutely descriptive, that none but the illustrious fugitive could have told the tale."

Hubert's sons conducted the duke to Falaise; but his flight was the signal for the barons seizing the government; and then William, with an astuteness scarcely to be expected in a fierce, impetuous young ruler, not long past his twentieth year, determined—and it was a hard trial, as Sir Francis Palgrave truly remarks—to supplicate the aid of his liege lord, that lord who had already

so unjustly wrested Tilliers from him. He repaired to Poissi, and, "in the character of a vassal, the future conqueror craved his lord's aid." This was gladly given, and William, willing enough to fight under the banner of the French king, so that his vengeance might be sated, told over the chief rebels man by man. The combined forces assembled on the Val des Dunes. The fight was fierce and long, until the rebels fled in confusion, and the foaming mill-race of Bourbillon was choked with the dead. The defeat was total; and the insurgents sought mercy. "William was prudently gracious," and complete success crowned his first battle.

But William, by whom war seems to have been viewed—like his cherished sports, hawking and hunting—as a mere pastime, now turned his arms against Geoffrey Martel, Count of Anjou, who had obtained possession of Alençon, and continually harassed the Norman border. He therefore besieged Alençon, "prosecuting the campaign with insulting unconcern, savoring of affectation, hawk on fist, or following the hounds, as though the country did not remain to be acquired, but was already gained." This disgusted even his own followers, many of whom still "grudge the raising of their caps to the tanner's grandson;" while the inhabitants of Alençon spread outside the walls "filthy, gore-besmeared skins, and as he drew nigh they whacked them, with, 'Plenty of work for the tanner; plenty of work for the tanner!'" William swore his great oath that dearly should they pay for this chafing insult. He stormed the outwork; he wreaked on the prisoners who fell into his hands the most atrocious tortures, and the terrified townsmen were at length compelled to capitulate.

Again there was war, and it was now between the King of France and his vassal. Many of the Norman barons had found refuge at the French court, and, instigated by them, Henry determined to expel the "pirates" from the soil of France. But William acted with his wonted caution. Although the hostile troops poured in on every side, he stood strictly on his defence. True to feudal principle, he avoided dealing the first blow; for if his liege lord struck first, then his fealty would be at an end. Still the French troops poured in, and they occupied the bourgade of Mortemer as head-quarters; and here, ere they had awakened from the drunken riot in

which they had passed the night, the Normans fired the town, and gave chase to the terrified fugitives, gaining a complete victory, which was grimly announced to the French king, then at some distance, by Roger de Toeny, who, ere dawn, climbing a tree, bade him, in rude verse, rise up from his slumber, and bury his friends, who lay dead at Mortemer. King Henry now concluded a discreditable peace with William, who returned, well pleased at the result of his second victory,—all unconscious as yet of that third and far greater victory, Hastings.

While William had thus grown up amid strife and bloodshed, his second cousin, Edward, who had sojourned in Normandy until 1040, when he was invited to England by his half-brother Hardicanute, had become ruler of that kingdom. Although in training for a saint, the feeble Confessor never seems to have been a favorite with the nation, and on the death of Hardicanute he appears to have owed his elevation to the crown chiefly to the exertions of the Earl of Wessex, Godwin, but partly also to the clearly-expressed notice from the Norman court, that if the English refused to recognize the son of Emma, they should feel the pressure of Norman power. Thus, nearly a generation before the battle of Hastings was fought, Norman influence had its weight in English politics.

The son of a Norman mother, educated in Normandy, and a dweller there throughout his early manhood, it is not surprising that Edward should have become far more Norman than English in habits and feeling, and that on his accession to the throne he should have invited over many of those who had been friends during his exile. With his Norman favorites came Norman customs. The use of their language, of their handwriting, and, what seems to have given yet more offence, Edward's adoption of "the great seal," which, after the usage of continental sovereigns, he appended to the parchments in addition to the old-accustomed Anglo-Saxon sign of the cross. This last innovation might be considered of slight moment; but Sir Francis Palgrave points out very forcibly the actual grievances which resulted from its use, inas-

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"The adoption of these forms gave the king an additional reason for retaining about his person the 'clerks' whom he had brought from France, and by whom all his writing

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business was performed. They were his domestic chaplains and the keepers of his conscience, and, in addition to these influential functions, they were his law advisers, and also his Secretaries of State, and through them it was the custom to prefer all petitions and requests to the king. One suitor was desirous of obtaining a grant of land; another, mayhap, required a 'writ' to enable him to receive amends for an injury; a third wished to ask for leave to quarter himself and his hounds and his horses on one of the king's manors—and in such cases we cannot doubt but that Robert the Norman monk of Jumieges, or Giso the Fleming, or Ernaldus the Frenchman, would have many means of serving their own party and disappointing their adversaries; and many an honest Englishman was turned away with a hard word and a heavy heart by these Norman courtiers."

These clerks, too, were, of course, in orders, and thus they stood ready to receive the best church preferment the king could give; and thus Norman prelates filled English sees years before Hastings and the conquest. Sir Francis Palgrave, although far from unfavorable to the Normans, referring to the numbers who came over and settled in England during the Confessor's reign, remarks, "It is certain that the Norman party began to conduct themselves in such a manner as to occasion much disgust among the nation at large;" and when we find that of the few castles that then existed, some of the most important, those towards the Welsh marches, were garrisoned by French and Norman soldiers, under the command of leaders of their own nation, and that in the great towns and cities many Normans were already to be found, invited thither doubtless by the lavish encouragement proffered them by the feeble king, we shall not be surprised at the general discontent.

Probably it was the part Earl Godwin and his sons took in expressing this general feeling which led to their expulsion in 1050-1, for we find that in the latter year William, now the unchallenged and powerful Duke of Normandy, came over with a splendid following on a visit to his good cousin Edward. "Prosperity acts like a telescope, and often enables folks to bring distant relations much nearer," shrewdly remarks our author; so we shall not be guilty of any great breach of charity if we suppose that William, young, ambitious, and enterprising, did not undertake this journey purely out of natural

love and "affection toward his old aunt and kinsman. Did he begin to form any plans for the invasion of England?" Very probably he did; for while the wealth of the land invited spoilers, William could at a glance see that its strangely unprotected state, "the great towns, with few exceptions, either quite open, or fortified only by stockades or banks, or perhaps by a ruinous Roman wall," would render it an easy prey to the strong hand. How long William's visit lasted we know not. That he was most honorably received we need scarcely be told; for the court was already filled with his countrymen, and Earl Godwin and his sons were still in exile.

With the departure of William, public feeling, it would seem, expressed itself strongly; for Godwin and his sons soon afterward returned, and their case being laid before the Witenagemot, the decision was not only that they were innocent, but that they had been unjustly deprived of their earldoms. So complete indeed was the triumph of the Godwins that "all the French were declared outlaws, because it was said that they had given bad advice to the king and brought unrighteous judgments into the land." Robert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ulf, Bishop of Dorchester, fled for their lives, and only a few Normans, too obscure to awaken suspicion, were allowed to remain. It was not long after this—probably incited to it by this strong reaction of Saxon feeling—that Edward summoned "Edward the Outlaw," sole surviving son of Edmund Ironside, from Hungary, with the intention of proclaiming him heir to the crown. Hither "the Atheling," with his wife and three young children, came; but the people's gladness was speedily turned to sorrow; for ere two years passed away, he sickened and died. "Did the Atheling die a natural death?" asks Sir Francis Palgrave, hinting that "Harold gained much by this event." We think there can be little doubt that the Atheling did not; but surely, suspicion would point to William rather than to Harold. More than once before William was believed to have sent an unwelcome competitor out of the way by poison, while against Harold no such charge was ever made. Fierce and unscrupulous as were Earl Godwin and his sons, theirs was always open violence, not the stealthy administration of what has been shrewdly called "the powder of succession." What seems to us to throw

strong suspicion on William is, that if Harold gained aught by the death of the Atheling, William certainly gained more; for the Norman historians declare that immediately on his death, Edward nominated the Duke of Normandy as his heir. That the king did so we see no reason for denying, although that he sent Harold over with the welcome message, and that Harold did homage to his future sovereign, may, we think, be classed among those convenient fictions which writers of "court history" always have at their command. Suspicion, indeed, is cast on the assertion, as the author of "Revolutions in English History" truly says, by the circumstance that "the three earls named by William as having been present when the King of England made this promise were all persons who were no longer living;" while the reference to the Bayeux tapestry—that most valuable record, not of history, but of life and manners—is certainly worthless. The whole series is a pictorial narrative of the conquest of England from the Norman stand-point. "It may be," as the same author remarks, "an authority about the armor or the 'costume of those times—it is no authority in relation to history.'"

Edward survived five or six years. We have little information respecting these years; but the Godwin family still held almost supreme power, and the feeble king seems to have wholly employed his last days in expediting the completion of Westminster Abbey. These were not "go ahead" times, but still the reader may be surprised to learn that nearly twenty years were employed on it. The work was meditated by Edward almost from the time of his accession to the throne, in lieu of a pilgrimage which he had vowed to make to the tomb of St. Peter, at Rome; it was finished at the close of 1065, and the last Christmas festival that the Confessor celebrated was marked by the consecration of St. Peter's Minster. Built by Norman architects at immense expense, "framed," as Malmesbury records, "with courses of stone, so correctly laid that the joint deceives the eye, and leads it to imagine it is all one

* Sir Francis Palgrave remarks that the incidents of Harold's being tempest-tossed on Ponthieu, seized by Count Guido, and liberated from him at William's order, are very apocryphal: while the dramatic circumstances of Harold's "oath on concealed relics are totally unknown to the earlier and only trustworthy annalists."

block," the king, doubtless, looked around with pride on his votive abbey that Holy Innocents' day when the chant was first raised within its walls. But he was removed from thence to his bed, and within ten days was laid to rest there, bequeathing that fatal legacy to the land,—a disputed succession.

"Upon the death of Edward there were three claimants to the crown,—his good cousin William of Normandy, his good brother-in-law Harold, each of whom founded their pretensions upon the real or supposed device of the late king, and Edgar Atheling, the son of Edward the Outlaw, who ought to have stood on firmer ground; for if kindred had any weight, he was the real heir, the lineal descendant of Ironside, and the only male now left of the house of Cerdic."

The tender age of Edgar seems, however, from the first to have rendered his pretensions very subordinate, and the conflict was between William and Harold. It certainly appears that Edward had aroused the hopes of both these competitors, and although it may be difficult to reconcile the different statements, yet, "taken altogether," Sir Francis Palgrave truly remarks, "the circumstances are exactly such as we meet with in private life."

"The childless owner of a large estate, at first leaves his property to his cousin on the mother's side, from whose connections he has received much kindness. He advances in age, and alters his intentions in favor of a nephew on the father's side,—an amiable young man living abroad. The young heir comes, is received with great affection, and is suddenly cut off by illness. The testator then returns to his will in favor of his cousin who resides abroad. His acute and active brother-in-law has taken the management of his affairs, is well informed of this will, and when the testator is on his death-bed, he contrives to tease and persuade the dying man to alter the will again in his favor. There can be no difficulty in admitting that the conflicting pretensions of William and Harold were grounded on the acts emanating from a wandering and feeble mind. If such disputes take place between private individuals, they are decided by a court of justice; but if they concern a kingdom, they can only be settled by the sword."

And swiftly was the appeal to the sword resorted to. Harold had the advantage of being on the spot; and "on the very day that Edward was laid in his grave, he prevailed upon, or compelled, the prelates and

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nobles assembled at Westminster, to accept him as king." "A man of mature age, in full vigor of body and mind, possessing great influence and great wealth," it is not surprising that with many he should be popular; but by many he was not recognized as king, while from the slowness of communication between different parts of the country, the more remote districts could scarcely have been made acquainted with the death of the late king, certainly not with the succession of the new. Harold, however, forthwith began to exercise the functions of government, and he is stated to have shown prudence and courage, together with a strict regard to the due administration of justice.

Swiftly flew the news to his rival. William was hunting with a noble train in the park of Rouen, when a "sergeant," from England, hastened into his presence with the startling news. The bow dropped from William's hand; he hastily returned home; and Wace naively and most minutely tells us how nervously he

"Oft his mantle tied, and then
Untied, then tied it swift again;
Nor would he speak to any one—
To speak or question *him* dared none;
Then in a boat the Seine he passed,
And to his castle hurried fast;
And down on the first bench sat he,
From time to time right hastily,
Turning quick round; then o'er his face
His mantle cast, then changed his place,
And on a ledge his head he laid,
While all around him stood afraid,
And marvelled what this might be."

"Sirs," said the seneschal, "ye will soon know the cause of this." William now aroused himself, and he agreed with Osbern the Bold that the first step would be to require Harold to surrender the inheritance, and perform the duty he owed to him as his sovereign. To this message Harold returned a haughty reply, and each prepared for battle.

Unfortunately for Harold, while Duke William was intimately acquainted with the strength and the weakness of England, he scarcely knew the resources of his adversary. Normandy had now for some years past been rapidly rising in power and influence. William's marriage with Matilda, the daughter of Baudouin de Lisle, the Count of Flanders, a few years before, had greatly added to his *prestige*; while the firm but wise rule which he maintained had drawn around him a loyal and active nobility, firm in allegiance

to him, and at the same time, true to their hereditary tendencies, ready to avail themselves of any opportunity for aggrandizement which circumstances might offer. Thus, from the very period of Harold's defiance, William stood on vantage ground. Whatever the number of men he could bring into the field, they were all one in mind,—one alike in allegiance to their ruler, and one in hopes of reward; while Harold could only depend on a portion of his subjects, and could hold out no promise of advantage, more than would result from success in a strictly defensive warfare. It is probable that this portion of the third volume would have been largely amplified, had the author's life been longer spared; otherwise it is difficult to account for the affairs of England during the eventful summer of 1066 being so completely passed over, and merely two or three lines of reference devoted to the important battle of Stamford Bridge. Now the case was, that, during the summer, Harold mustered his forces, and took his station at the Isle of Wight; but his troops became weary of the long waiting; provisions were with difficulty obtained, and Harold, probably believing the invasion would be postponed to the next spring, actually disbanded his army and returned to London. It was then he received intelligence that his brother Tostig together with Harold Hardrada, had landed in the north, prepared to contest the kingdom; and again had Harold, even as yet scarcely settled as king, to raise forces to repel this new and unlooked-for invasion.

Meanwhile, William by lavish promises had assembled all his nobility, and had also invited adventurers from Brittany and Poitou, and Maine and Flanders, to join his standard; nor, although holding ecclesiastical power in little respect, did he neglect to supplicate the sanction of the pope, who transmitted to him the gonfanon of St. Peter, and a precious ring, in which a relic of the chief of the apostles was enclosed. William's excuses for the prosecution of this war were, as Sir Francis Palgrave says, futile enough, "yet the color of right, which William endeavored to obtain, shows a degree of deference to public opinion, and that, at all events, supposing Edward's bequest might be disputed, he was justified in his attempt by good conscience and honor." The number of vessels assembled by William is uncertain. Maistre Wace

relates that he often heard his father say, they were six hundred and ninety-six, but that others calculated them at three thousand; this could only have been by including even the smallest craft. And in baleful splendor did the fatal armament set forth from the mouth of the Dive, on the eve of St. Michael. The well-appointed fleet, gay with painted sides, and parti-colored sails, and William's own vessel, the gift of Matilda, "the crimson sails swelling to the wind, the gilded vanes glittering in the sun, at the head of the ship the effigy of a child, armed with a bow and arrow, ready to discharge his shaft against the hostile shore," and its saintly banner waving aloft, led the way.

"As the vessels approached, and as the masts rose higher and higher on the horizon, the peasantry who dwelt on the coast, and who had congregated on the cliffs, gazed with the utmost alarm at the hostile vessels, which, as they well knew, were drawing near for the conquest of England, portended by that fearful comet blazing in the sky. The alarm spread; and one of the few thanes who were left in the shire of the South Saxons, galloped up to a rising ground to survey. The thane saw the boats pushing through the surf, glistering with shields and spears; in others stood war-horses, neighing and pawing. Now followed the archers, closely shorn, and arrayed in light and unencumbered garb; each held his long bow strung for the fight in his hand, and by his side hung the quiver, filled with those cloth-yard shafts, which, in process of time, became the favorite and national weapon of the yeomanry of England. . . . The archers leap out of the boats, and disperse themselves on the shore. The knights are now seen carefully and heavily treading along the planks, each covered with his haubergeon of mail, his helmet laced, the shield well strengthened with radiating bars of iron, depending from his neck, his sword borne by his attendant esquire. The gleaming, steel-clad multitude cover the shingly beach in apparent disorder; but, in a few moments, each warrior is mounted on his steed. Banners, pennons, and pennonels are raised; the troops form into squadrons, and advance upon the land, which they already claim as their possession. Boat after boat poured out the soldiery of the various nations and races assembled under the banners of William; and lastly, came the pioneers with their sharp axes."

Such was the scene, thus graphically presented to us, which met the startled eye of

the thane that eventful evening. William chose at once his place of encampment; "before nightfall the Norman chief would be entirely secured from surprise." So the thane turned his horse's head, and riding night and day, he neither tarried nor rested until he reached the city of York, and found Harold—the victory of Stamford Bridge having been gained the day before—"banqueting in festal triumph," and Sir Francis Palgrave adds, very unjustly, we think, "with hands embued in the blood of a brother." Now, although Tostig, as well as Harold Hardrada, lost his life in this decisive battle, it must be borne in mind that he was the aggressor; that Harold proffered him Northumbria, and that only on his refusal to accept any conditions of peace, was the battle fought.

On receiving the news, Harold immediately marched southward; but it must have been with many a foreboding that he prepared for the great contest. It has been very easy for historians, both French and English, to talk about the sluggish Saxons and the warlike and gallant Normans; but the slightest glance at the situation of the respective armies will show that while everything favored the invaders, seldom, indeed, has a defending army entered the battle-field at greater disadvantage. William had a well-trained army on whom he could thoroughly rely, and who were animated by hopes of plunder; they had landed without opposition, and, moreover, had enjoyed a full fortnight's interval of rest. Harold, although at the head of many tried warriors, had also lost many in his last battle, and their place was ill-supplied by the peasantry, who might flock willingly enough to his banner, but who, armed with the rudest weapons, were no match for the well-armed invaders, while more still, the chief portion of this army was exhausted by a long and toilsome march from the confines of Yorkshire to London, and from thence, with scarcely an interval of rest, to the coast of Sussex. Even superstition did its part against them. The Norman invaders boasted the sanction of the chief ruler of Christendom, and the consecrated banner of St. Peter floated over their leader's tent. But the Saxons were condemned to fight under the papal ban, while, yet more to increase their dismay, overhead was that blazing star, sure prognostic of change of dynasty.

Still Harold bore himself bravely, nor can

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we perceive aught of that "obstinate, self-willed determination, which leads the sinner on to his fate," in any of his arrangements. Ere quitting London, he paid a visit to Waltham, and offered his orisons at the altar, and the monks endeavored to cheer the hearts of his followers by the assertion that the crucifix bowed its head; but still the presentiment of evil was too strong to be overcome by that fancied portent. Sir Francis Palgrave, who relies very implicitly—too implicitly here, we think—on the Norman chronicles, relates the story of Gurth urging his brother to delay giving battle; he also refers to the negotiations said to have passed between the competitors, remarking that fear prevailed in both camps. The narrative of the different manner in which the night before the battle was passed by the respective armies, the drunken carousals of the Saxons* and the religious exercises of the Normans, is also told, but not as though they were the mere assertions of chroniclers anxious to throw discredit on the losing side, but as incontrovertible facts. It is certainly strange enough that we should never be told of William and his followers being seized with so exemplary a fit of devotion, except on the eve of the battle of Hastings.

On the 14th of October, 1066, this decisive battle was fought.† Long and fierce was the strife; from nine in the morning until sunset, Saxon stood against Norman in deadly conflict, and but for the chance shaft that gave him his death-wound, victory might have been on the side of Harold. Still his followers rallied round his standard, at the foot of which he was laid, when William dashed through, followed by a desperate band

* Maistro Wace, who gives the details of this battle at great length, also tells us that the night was spent in riot. His words are very curious. They cried "Weissel," he says,—

"E laticome e drincheheil,—
Drine hind Ewart, e drinc com,
Drine Elf, e drinc Thom."

This evidently is intended for the English of that day. "Let him come," spoken in defiance of William, would easily be turned into "Laticome" while the next couplet almost translates itself. He also tells us that their battle-cry was "Olicross," doubtless in honor of Harold's favorite Abbey of the Holy Cross, at Waltham. Perhaps, too, there was some recognition of the fancied miracle of the crucifix.

† We regret we cannot insert Sir Francis Palgrave's graphic account; but it is far too long. In "Revolutions in English History" an excellent narrative of this battle will also be found.

determined to win or die. "Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear; he fell by the falchion of William; the English banner was cast down, and the gonfanon planted in its place announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror." But not even then would the Saxons surrender. Still, even after nightfall, the conflict in more remote parts continued, for "wherever they could make a stand they resisted, and the Normans confess that the great preponderance of their force alone enabled them to obtain the victory." A hardly-won field was that of Hastings, honorable to Saxon prowess and to Saxon endurance, even their foemen being witnesses. Surely, we may at length cease to iterate that parrot phrase, "The disgraceful battle of Hastings." Surely, men who stood so steadfastly during that long day, never yielding, never attempting flight, but like their descendants on many a hard-fought field, like their descendants of yesterday, the devoted "six hundred," felt that their sole duty was "to do and die," should at least receive a tribute of sympathy from Englishmen.

Sanguinary as was this battle, and complete as was the victory, had Harold survived, it might have ranked but as the first of a series of conflicts between Saxon and Norman power; but with the death of the leader, all hope of rallying the remains of his army, or of supplying new forces, vanished. Still, England was not as yet at the feet of the conqueror. His victory at most only gave him supremacy in Wessex. In Mercia were the powerful brothers Edwin and Morecar, supported by a large army; and it appears—although the details are very obscure—that on their advancing to London one of them sought to obtain the throne. But Edgar the Atheling was there,—a little child, indeed, but who, as the sole descendant of the line Cerdic, had the sole hereditary claim to the crown, and "infant as he was, he was therefore proclaimed Basileus of England, by the authority of the rectores and potentes then in the city." Meanwhile, William proceeded against Romney, which he took; then to Dover, and from thence to Canterbury, which "gave the bad precedent of being the first community which had made a formal submission of their own free will, and unenforced by the sword." William now advanced till within a day's march of London,

and here, just below the reach of Greenhithe, the memorable meeting with the Kentish men took place. "The poetry in this tradition must not induce us to reject its substantive truth. Indeed, taking the transactions at the wood of "Swanscombe at their lowest value, they fully evidence the main fact, that the Kentish men, having awed the conqueror into an unwilling pacification, received from the beginning a greater share of indulgence." What might not have been the result had other parts of the kingdom stood out as firmly?

London was next to be reduced, and a detachment of William's army was sent to begin the siege, while he passed across the country to Winchester, which, as the city assigned in dowry to Editha, the widow of the Confessor, he treated with respect, merely requiring the citizens to render fealty. The siege of London was now commenced in good earnest. Barking on the east, and the Palace of Westminster on the west, were the two stations occupied by his troops; and "catapult and balista cast their showers upon the dwellings; and the old Roman walls, ascribed to Julius Cæsar or to Constantine, shook before the repeated blows of the battering rams." But so strong was the city that it defied the attack; while the gallant troops withdrew—not only the citizens, but "those men of renown, the northern thanes, the men of Anglo-Danish race—would not speak of surrender. But William had other means at hand: he seems to have been ere long convinced that intrigue would answer better than open warfare; so he entered into negotiation with a citizen of great influence, one Ansgard, who with fair words and fairer promises, so urged upon the fathers of the city the ills that would arise from an infant ruler, and the necessity of the supreme power being in the hands of one, "wise as Solomon, bountiful as Charlemagne, ready in fight as the great Alexander," that all opposition was withdrawn. Edwin and Morcar were among the first to give in their adhesion; Aldred, Archbishop of York, and Wolfstan, Bishop of Worcester, followed; while the deputation appointed to bear their homage and the keys of the city to their Norman ruler, bore with them—more important pledge than all beside—the little Atheling, who had been so lately recognized as their king.

London, on the whole, did well by this

submission. William was evidently most anxious to obtain possession of the chief Mercian city; and he forthwith granted that precious charter, so short but so comprehensive,—that little slip of parchment, which, "still perfect as on the day when the pen passed upon it, can lie within the palm of your hand, but contains within its brief compass all that the citizens could or can require." How few of the inhabitants of London are aware, that "they alone, of all the burgher communities in England, nay, of all the municipalities in Christendom," have retained until the present day all the rights and all the freedom which William the Conqueror secured to them eight hundred years ago! William, indeed, on many occasions seems to have treated the Londoners with marked favor. Even when building the Tower of London, "it is remarkable that, yielding either to respect for the rights of that powerful and unruly and jealous community, or to apprehension of the indignation which he might excite by their infringement, he encroached as little as possible upon the city ground;" and thus, while on the Middlesex side the authority of the royal constable extended over all the adjoining hamlets, his jurisdiction on the city side does not extend beyond the very gates. The Castle of Falaise, where William was born, was, it appears, the model for the White Tower, the only portion of the structure which was erected in his time.

Wessex was now subdued; Mercia, in the name of her chief city, had proffered fealty; it remained now but for William to be crowned to become *de jure*, Edward the Confessor's successor. This recommendation certainly proceeded first from his Saxon subjects, and it has been questioned whether "the corruption of his gifts, or the terror excited by his power," was the motive of this apparently most unworthy and slavish request. "Yet," asks Sir Francis Palgrave, "are such representations correct? do they not rather exhibit the prepossession of the modern writer than the facts and the feelings of the eleventh century?" and he proceeds very suggestively to point out the absolute importance of the "sworn king, the anointed king, the crowned king," in those days.

"Our feeling with regard to the royal authority is very different to that which then prevailed. With us, royalty is the

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realization of a theory, with the Anglo-Saxons, royalty was a necessity. Without a king, the body politic was paralyzed. . . . Rarely delegating his powers to others, no veil of etiquette, no train of attendants, no mist of forms and ceremonies concealed the sovereign from his people. His hall was open; the king presided in his own court, listened to the complaints of his people on the throne, at the gate, beneath the tree, commanded his own soldiers, pronounced sentence on the traitor, spoke out his favors, invested his prelates, opened his own purse with his own hands. All the active powers of the Commonwealth sprung from the very person of the king, as the visible centre of unity,—the centre around which every sphere revolved. . . . The closest approximation to the condition of the Anglo-Saxon commonwealth wanting a king, may be attained by considering what would have been the state of England, if, upon the abdication of James, William of Orange had not proceeded to take possession of the throne; and Parliament repudiating the Stuarts, yet not daring to supply the royal authority by any power of their own, or by any fiction of law, an absolute interregnum had ensued. What, then, would have been the state of England? All the branches of public and national administration and jurisdiction would have come to an end. . . . It is well known how strongly the feeling in favor of a king prevailed in England during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and how much they contributed towards the restoration of the monarchy. Had Cromwell boldly acceded to the humble petition and advice, England would never have seen Charles Stuart on the throne. So innate and inveterate was the opinion that no republican lawyer, Daniel Axtell himself, could ever well understand how it was possible to arrest John Doe unless by the king's writ of *capias*, or to imprison the petty larcener unless the offence was duly laid in the indictment, as a breach of the king's peace and against his crown and dignity."

But more important still, the Anglo-Saxon king, like all his successors, was "a responsible functionary." No notion had our Saxon forefathers of "the right divine of kings;" and thus in calling upon William to take the crown, they actually called upon him to pledge himself that he would rule according to the established laws of the kingdom,—in effect, to exchange his position as the victor of Hastings for that of the monarch sworn on the Holy Gospels, "to hold true peace, and forbid stoutrife and injustice to all." William, it is said, hesitated; if so, it was

merely after the "*nolo episcopari*" form; for his hesitation soon gave way. His Norman barons vehemently urged him; for shrewd reasoners were they. William had promised them land and fee in England. "If he made his grants to them without any definition of his own authority, without any certain law, they would have no law to defend them. Duke William was almost a despot in Normandy; what would he be if ruling as victor in England?"

The coronation took place at Christmas, the same year, in the Abbey of Westminster. Aldred, Archbishop of York, performed the office; but when presenting William to the multitude, and asking them in their own English tongue, after the customary form, if they acknowledged him as their king, loud shouts burst forth. The Norman soldiery withoutside, ignorant of their import, or purposely misconstruing them, assumed they were the tokens of insurrection, and fired the adjoining buildings. The flames were quickly seen within the Abbey; the crowd rushed out; but still, amidst this alarm, the service proceeded. William was anointed with the holy oil; he kissed the golden cross, and laid his hand on the Gospel book,—that very book which may still be seen in the British Museum; but it was with a faltering voice he pronounced the threefold oath; for "William himself, who never before had known apprehension, now trembled with very fear; and thus was the diadem placed upon his head by Aldred. The victor of Hastings was agued with terror when receiving his prize."

We have no account of a coronation feast, for William seems to have quitted Westminster at once for Barking; and there, pursuing "the tall deer" in the wide forest of Essex, and in superintending the foundations of the Tower, he sought to forget the evil omen that had accompanied his recognition as king. But the tale spread through the length and breadth of the land, and deep were the curses breathed against Norman fraud and cruelty, and stern were the vows of revenge. The unhappy mischance was accepted as a prophecy of evil, and "it was permitted to work its accomplishment." But William had other anxieties. His rapacious followers had been promised lands or gifts; but how should he reward them all? He was not now the successful invader, able to divide the conquered land at his will, but

the king of the land, sworn to do justice, and to see justice done. And then Denmark had sent a message of defiance, bidding him do homage for his lately-gained kingdom; and well did he know that all along the eastern coast there was a Danish population ready to take part with the invaders, while even in the midland counties few of the cities had proffered even a reluctant submission. Truly William, even thus early, was doomed to pay the penalty of his ambition.

Quickly perceiving that want of energy had been the fatal error of the Anglo-Saxon kings, William determined to show his new subjects the benefits of a vigorous rule. He, therefore, in the spring, made his first progress, "extending from Oxford to the Humber, but yet including large districts which retained a species of virtual independence;" and all along his line of march his soldiery were restrained from all violence,—not even food being allowed to be taken from the householders against their will. All law-breakers were sternly dealt with, robbers especially; and according to the testimony of the Saxons themselves, the Watling Street and Ikenild Street could offer the same security as that enjoyed by the mythic Irish damsel, when, with gems "rich and rare," and a bright gold ring, she journeyed safely along. William, at the same time, began the custom of celebrating the three great church festivals in the three chief cities of his threefold kingdom, Wessex, Mercia, and Danelagh, and of then solemnly "wearing his crown." Nor was this a mere matter of state; for, according to the Anglo-Saxon constitution, all remedial jurisdiction was annexed to the person of the king. Thus the regal crown, like the ermined robe of the judge, was the visible sign that the supreme dispenser of justice and mercy was present, to hear the plaint and redress the wrong.

The undefended state of the kingdom next claimed William's attention; and under his directions strong castles were commenced in various parts. The protection of the coast, especially the south-eastern, and the necessity of providing for retreat, in case of adverse fortune, also engaged his attention; and the measures he took were singularly efficient. Sir Francis Palgrave points to Sussex, and observes, that "the territorial division there differs altogether from that which prevails elsewhere in England. Instead of the 'hun-

dred" we find the "rape;" and this word refers to the custom of the Normans of dividing land, not by any natural boundaries, but by actual measurement by the rope.

"Now this is the process which William effected in Sussex: the county is divided into six districts, extending down from the northern border, each possessing a frontage towards the sea, each affording a ready communication with Normandy, and constituting, as it were, six military high-roads to William's paternal duchy. Sussex sustained this great territorial alteration alone, being dealt with, from the first moment, entirely as a conquered territory."

To satisfy the claims of some, at least, of his greedy followers, was William's next task; and for this the enormous extent of land possessed by the Godwin family offered a welcome facility. As king, he had a right to the lands of all traitors who had borne arms against him, and the estates of Harold and his brothers thus of course became available. The lands of those who fought and fell at Hastings, too, were also forfeited, and these altogether "gave him an enormous fund, so to speak, to draw upon." It is important, however, to remark, that, in becoming the possessor of English land, the Norman was compelled to hold it precisely by the accustomed English tenures. Thus, the same relief the Saxon earl had been wont to pay, was to be exacted from the Norman owner. The Danegeld was to be paid, as of old, two shillings for each hide of land; while, in case of any legal proceedings, these were to be conducted, "as the land was *tempore regis Edwardi*, nothing less and nothing more." The villein also was not permitted to be removed from his land. Thus, in his first arrangements, William was evidently anxious to preserve a *show of justice*. His last act was the foundation and endowment of Battle Abbey; and then, having appointed justiciars, he passed over to Normandy with a numerous train, among whom were the brothers Edwin and Morecar, Agelnoth "the Satrap," and Earl Waltheof, invited as honored guests, but in fact prisoners and hostages.

William's return to Normandy, and his progress through various parts, were attended with all the magnificence of a triumphal procession. Indeed, this first visit to his duchy may be viewed as the culminating point of his prosperity. "He was enjoying the first fresh pleasure of success, as yet

unalloyed by its inevitable chastening." William kept his Paschal feast at Fécamp; and hither, summoned by lavish invitations, came a host of Bretons and Flemings, together with numerous French nobles, to gaze upon the rich spoils taken from the treasury of the English kings,—the garments of exquisite broidery, the cups, the horns, the bracelets and coronals,—all of surpassing beauty, and all the work of English hands. And well might they look wonderingly upon these; for the cup of English workmanship and the mantle embroidered by the English maiden were gifts, even at this time, for kings to offer, and for the pontiff himself to receive. The high value of the spoils, too, excited their wonder. "More wealth has the duke brought from England," said they, "than could be found in thrice the extent of Gaul." But, above all, upon the rare beauty of the Saxon youth they gazed with astonishment; the soft silken hair, the delicate features, the complexion, so exquisite in its blended red and white, awakened, as William of Foictou tells us, even more admiration than all these priceless treasures.*

William remained in Normandy nine months; he wished to bring Matilda with him, that she might be crowned queen of England; but news of the ill-conduct of his justiciars, Fitz-Osbern and Odo, reached him, and hastened his return; for he found that their outrageous tyranny and injustice had driven the people to revolt. The west of England and Kent had already thrown off the yoke, and in the north, assistance from Denmark was supplicated and promised. William proceeded into the west and subdued Exeter; and at Pentecost he caused Matilda

to be crowned with much splendor at Westminster. Ere the close of the year, Henry, his youngest son, was born,—the son who, either from his superior abilities, or from the greater care bestowed on his education, for Lanfranc was his instructor, gained the title of Beauclerc. We may remark here that the stern conqueror was an excellent husband and father. From his wife he received the affection which was justly his due; but his sons, almost from their boyhood, were doomed to become the source of his keenest sorrow.

The reduction of Exeter established tranquillity in Wessex; but the north rose in open revolt, under the brothers Edwin and Morcar, who had now quitted the court, and Waltheof, that powerful earl, had joined them. William advanced against them with his accustomed success, and Edwin and Morcar yielded a compulsory submission. Onward he proceeded to Nottingham, causing there a strong castle to be built, as he had done at Warwick, and from thence to York, where an even stronger citadel arose within the city walls. These manifestations of quiet strength seem to have had their intended effect upon a people whose defences were of the simplest kind; as Sir Francis Palgrave remarks so graphically,—

"Each tall square dungeon tower, with its fresh walls, harshly and coldly glittering in the sun, standing upon the ground of the habitations which had been demolished, and the gardens and homesteads which had been wasted to give a site to the fortress in the midst of the people, bespoke the stern determination of the sovereign. They were trophies of the conquest in the strictest sense of the term; warning, threatening the native race."

But though overawed, England was not at the end of three years won. It was said that a plot was laid for a general massacre of the Normans; most probably this was but a pretence to justify the severer measures which, from henceforward, William seemed determined to adopt; for doubtless the stern conqueror, whose will had always been law to his followers, must have chafed with rage to find a people, whom he likely enough considered as thoroughly subdued at Hastings, openly defying his power three years after the crown had been placed on his head as their king. Imprisonments, spoliations, executions, followed, and William again, though in the depth of

* With this incontrovertible testimony of a Norman, and an eye-witness, before them, it is strange that any writers should think of claiming such vast superiority for the Norman race. The Saxons were evidently viewed by them as far superior in the arts of civilization; they seem to have been looked upon much as the Roman captives must have been by the brave but uncivilized Goths, and the spoils of England with much the same wonder as those from Rome or Byzantium. To the great beauty of the English during the whole of the Middle Ages, we have abundant testimony, both of the illuminated manuscript and the monumental effigy, beside the remarks of the *trouvères*, who repeatedly characterize them as "most fair." The graceful bearing, too, of the female figure has often struck us, in turning over Saxon manuscripts. The drawing is rude enough; the proportions often extravagant; but the *pose*, and especially the turn of the head, have a grace that is almost classical.

winter, set forth for the north, where the Atheling had been proclaimed king, and where a large Danish force was shortly expected to land. The contest was carried on with changeful success; but on reaching Durham the Norman army was seized with a panic, caused by the thick darkness that overspread their path, which was attributed to St. Cuthbert's anger, and William was compelled to return to Winchester. Ere long the Danes landed in Suffolk; they proceeded to York, welcomed right heartily by the whole country, and ere long, "excepting the tall dungeon-keep upon which William Mallet still unfurled the Norman banner, the whole of Northumbria was again lost to the Norman king." William delayed his measures; he was in Mercia suppressing another insurrection on the borders of the Welsh marches, but after a battle in which he defeated the insurgents, he set forth again for the north. At Pontefract he continued long; it was said the waters were out and the army could not pass over; but William was engaged in negotiations with the treacherous Danes, and ere long they departed, laden with English gold, leaving their too credulous allies to the vengeance of a conqueror who never knew pity. It was then that William, always "a stern ruler and a pitiless warrior," determined to waste the whole country between York and Durham, a course entirely unprecedented, a crime of which "the heathen themselves, Dane, or Goth, or Vandal, had never committed."

"On every side the horizon was filled with smoke and smouldering flame, the growing crops were burned upon the field, the stores in the garner, the cattle houghed and killed to feed the crow. All that had been given for the support and sustenance of life was wasted and spoiled. All the habitations were razed; all the edifices that could give shelter to the people were levelled with the ground; wandering and dispersed, the miserable inhabitants endeavored to support life even by devouring the filthy vermin and the decaying carcass. Direful pestilence of course ensued. The same devastations were extended far beyond the Humber, and during nine years subsequent, the whole tract between York and Durham continued idle and untilld."

It is not surprising that, with this authentic tale of unexampled cruelty, our forefathers should have given a ready credence to

the apocryphal story of the New Forest; but we are surprised to find Sir Francis Palgrave alluding to it as an historical fact; for not only is the tale unknown to every contemporary chronicler, but, as we lately remarked (No. LXXV.), the very character of the land proves that it never could have been cultivated. From the earliest times the barren soil was incapable of producing a single ear of corn; how, then, could flourishing villages have been there?

William kept his Christmas at York in grim and gloomy state, and he solemnly wore his crown as King of Northumbria. It was then he made donations to his followers of the greater part of Yorkshire,—mostly the possessions of Edwin and Morcar,—and then again set forth to suppress the formidable revolt in the Fens. But he was to meet with sterner opposition than he had yet encountered. Meanwhile, worn out by their toilsome marches, his foreign troops refused to proceed. By threats and promises, William, however, succeeded in persuading them, while his iron strength enabled him to set an example by being foremost to climb the rock, or to try the marsh, sometimes even walking if his horse failed. Still the Fens held out, for hither Edwin and Morcar had retreated; but the great leader of this rising was Hereward the Outlaw, nephew of the Abbot of Peterborough, that true-hearted Englishman whose name was a cherished household word in many an upland homestead until the fame of the Saxon outlaw became dim in the wider renown of the brave and gentle outlaw of merry Sherwood. A pleasant and stirring tale is that "Geste of Hereward," an almost contemporary narrative, and we have little doubt, on the whole, authentic. It is like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of darkness and tempest to turn from the chronicles so filled with the records of William's cruel tyranny to the story of the gallant bands in the Isle of Ely,—how from their marsh-girdled fastness they defied force after force arrayed against them,—how for long months they kept the fierce conqueror at bay, nor even when those hapless brothers fell—Morcar, cruelly betrayed into his victor's power, and Edwin so foully assassinated—did Hereward yield. He still flung defiance to the armed host that had lingered on the borders of those treacherous marshes, and when at length the gallant band yielded, not to sup-

rior valor, but to starvation, he alone never did homage to the conqueror.

The great Saxon nobles were now all slain or imprisoned, except Waltheof, who, having married William's niece, was restored to favor, and to his former rank as Earl of Northumbria; but although eight years had now passed since Hastings, William was still in danger of losing the kingdom he had won at such a fearful cost of bloodshed and crime. He had depopulated and wasted wide tracts of land, and now his very followers, on whom he had bestowed so much, clamored at the injustice of repaying their services with sterile fields; he had imposed heavy taxes on the land, and the Norman landholder felt this as a heavy grievance, even a wrong. So they leagued together against him, and at the bridal feast of Guader, Earl of East Anglia, met together to mature their plans. With deep cunning, hither they invited Waltheof, and hither he unwittingly came. It seems doubtful whether he took part in their counsels; but he was present when treason was planned. He, however, repented his connivance, and took counsel of Lanfranc, who urged him to seek the king. Waltheof passed over to Normandy; but William received him sternly, and proffered no forgiveness, for his perfidious wife had already accused him of active participation. Meanwhile the Norman insurgents advanced into the west, and also toward London; but such was the hatred the Saxons bore toward them, that they heartily cooperated with the king's troops. Guader the chief, completely defeated, escaped to Denmark; the others fled or were captured, and when William wore his crown at the following Christmas, it was as judge in his high court of justice pronouncing their sentences.

Savage were the punishments inflicted by the king upon the meaner criminals; but as imprisonment had been the severest doom pronounced on the leaders who had not found safety in flight, a milder sentence was anticipated for the Saxon earl, who had certainly taken no part in the actual treason. But the rapacious nobles hungered for his broad lands; perhaps they found a savage pleasure in the thought of the last of the Saxon thanes dying on a scaffold. The council, however, could not agree, and he was therefore committed a prisoner to the Castle of Winchester. But although the prison doors might

open to a Norman, against the Saxon they were closed for more than a twelvemonth, and Waltheof passed his time in devotion, not improbably expecting his fate. And then arose reports that a rescue was intended,—a convenient plea for those who for so many months had hungered for his broad lands; so,—

"Very early in the chill gray of the dawning morn, was Waltheof brought forth upon the rising ground beside Winchester, where the church of St. Giles afterward stood. He knelt before the block, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer; but before he could complete the petition '*ne nos inducas in tentationem*,' the sword of the headsman swung, and when the citizens were coming forth to their daily labors, the train of priests and beadsmen returning told them the fate of the lost Saxon earl."

William, in this cruel murder of Waltheof, seems to have filled up the measure of his crimes against the Saxon race. But, crushed down as they were, he was compelled to yield to their voice, and allow the body—instantly buried at the foot of the scaffold—to be reverently conveyed to Croyland, with procession and chant, and there placed beneath a stately tomb in the chapter-house. And thither crowds repaired, with blessings on his memory, and curses upon the ruthless king; and far and wide among the Anglo-Danish population over whom he had ruled was that rude lament sung, a fragment only of which remains to us:—

"William came o'er the sea;
A cruel man was he.
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule in English land.

"Earl Waltheof he slew,—
Waltheof, the bold and true.
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule in English land."

A strange retributive justice seemed to track the king, even from the day he decreed Earl Waltheof's death. Never again during the remainder of his reign did he enjoy peace; never did he prosper. The Danes again entered the Humber, plundered York, and sailed away with the spoil. Brittany took up arms against Normandy, and when William advanced against the duke, he was repulsed, leaving stores and treasures behind him. But worse, his eldest son, Robert, a youth already distinguished by most profligate habits, and a most unnatural hatred toward his brothers, now claimed the duchy of Nor-

mandy, and ere long sought to take up arms against his own father, aided by many of the discontented nobles. But Robert had not wealth at command to maintain his followers; so he quitted Normandy, wandering from court to court, abusing his father, and seeking to excite public opinion against him, for nearly three years, all the time depending on the surreptitious supplies his doating mother could send him. At length he received from the French king the castle of Gerberoi, and from thence he menaced Normandy. William laid siege to the castle; he actually fought in person among the besiegers, and he engaged in single conflict with a knight who wounded him. His cry of anguish stayed his foe's hand; for it was father and son engaged in deadly combat! Defeated, humbled, chafing with grief and anger, the conqueror of Hastings "retreated from the single donjon tower of Gerberoi." A reconciliation was now attempted, in which the pope took part; peace was concluded, but William was compelled again to confirm the reversion of Normandy to the son who had borne arms against him. He gave the required promise, but he sealed it with a fatal curse, "and the father's ban was fulfilled in the child's destruction."

No peace in his family, no peace in England, was there for the conqueror. Waltheof's northern possessions became a curse to whoever held them. All the territory of St. Cuthbert was in arms, and robbery and murder even of the bishop followed. The Scottish king advanced as far as the Tyne, and rich spoils rewarded his successful raid, while Denmark stood meditating a new invasion. Weighed down with sorrow, William returned to England with the only companion who really loved him, Matilda, but who was now fast sinking into the grave. Meanwhile the mysterious conduct of his half-brother, Odo,—now almost the only one remaining of his early counsellors,—awakened his anxiety. Whether Odo had ever thought of really seizing the kingdom is very uncertain, but that he contemplated attaining the papacy seems likely. Perhaps William equally feared either. He caused him to be seized when crossing over with troops to Normandy, and placed on his trial. Odo claimed the privileges of the church, but William rejected the appeal. "I judge not the bishop," said he, "but my accountant and minister."

Odo was consigned to harsh captivity in the castle of Rouen; but, released from anxiety on his account, a sorer trouble was about to befall the stern conqueror. Ere the close of the year, the only true friend, the only one whom he dared to trust, his faithful wife, Matilda, died; and as he stood by her closing tomb in the church of the Holy Trinity at Caen, he must have felt that, hated by those around him, and abhorred by the Saxon race, he was indeed alone in the world.

William survived Matilda almost four years; but these years brought no softening influences. Rebellion had been crushed in England, but it had been followed by grievous taxation. Here it had been sullenly submitted to, but in Maine it produced revolt, and again he took up arms. Four years did the pride and flower of Norman chivalry besiege the strong castle of St. Susanne, only to see their bravest killed or shamefully repulsed from its walls. "The bravery which had gained a kingdom was foiled by one dungeon tower," and William was compelled to close the warfare by restoring the chief rebel to his former station and favor. The conqueror's last sojourn in England was marked by two very important acts. The first, the compilation of Domesday-book, Sir Francis Palgrave thinks was probably undertaken at the suggestion of Lanfranc. "The caligraphy betrays an Italian hand, and we also first find in Domesday those abbreviations, afterwards so common in our legal documents, but which, in fact, are derived from the Tyronian notes of the Romans." A noble relic of an age called barbarous is this Domesday, the oldest survey of a kingdom now existing in the world. It is scarcely surprising that it was viewed with indignation; for so grievously heavy had been the taxation, that each man's name and land, noted down so formally in a book, must have seemed proof that even farther exactions were in prospect. William's last act was that of summoning all his barons, together with all the landholders, to Sarum, on Lammas Day, 1086, and there imposing "the oath of fealty upon all, without distinction of tenure,"—a most important act, since, as Hallam remarks, it "broke in upon the feudal compact in its most essential attribute, the exclusive dependence of the vassal on his lord." This was the last public appearance of the stern conqueror. Normandy now claimed his care. Robert was

in open rebellion against his father, and the Duke of Brittany was preparing to throw off his obedience to his father-in-law, and against these, the foes of his own house, he had to make war. Ruthless to the last, he inflicted a heavy impost on the land, already suffering from storms and blight and pestilence, and then crossed over to Normandy, never to return.

Still evil fortune pursued the king. He was compelled by defeat to make peace with his son-in-law, while his own son incited the turbulent burgesses of Mantes to revolt. A dispute arose, too, with the King of France, and for the last time William braced on his mail. It was glorious autumn weather, "the harvest ripening, the grape swelling, the fruit reddening, when William entered the fertile land." As he advanced, the corn was trodden down, the vineyards rooted up, and the city wantonly set on fire. William, aged and unwieldy in body, yet fierce and active in mind, rejoiced with a horrid joy amid this desolation, as he spurred his steed through the burning ruins; but the steed stumbled and fell, and his rider received his death-blow. He was taken to Rouen, and from thence, for greater quiet, to St. Gervase; but his end, attended by much suffering, drew near. It was then that the cruel conqueror deplored his birth, his whole career of crime and bloodshed. "No tongue can tell," said he, "the deeds of wickedness I have perpetrated in my weary pilgrimage of toil and care." But his two younger sons are standing beside him, not to soothe his sufferings, but anxious to know who is to be heir. "Let Robert take Normandy; for it has been assured to him; but England?"—"All the wide-wasting wretchedness produced by his ambition arose up before him, and he declared he dared not bestow the realm he had thus fearfully won." But Rufus urged his petition, until the dying man directed a writ to be addressed to Lanfranc, commanding him to place Rufus on the throne. Henry was scantily quieted with a gift of five thousand pounds of silver. So they kissed him, and hurried off. But his captives,—those kept so many years in hard durance—not without much entreaty did William, although agonized alike with pain and remorse, consent, for implacable was he to the last. At length he gave assent that all, even Odo, should be set free.

"This act of grudging, coerced, extorted forgiveness was his last. A night of somewhat diminished suffering ensued, when the troubled and expiring body takes a dull, painful, unrestful rest before its last earthly repose. But as the cheerful, life-giving rays of the rising sun were darting above the horizon, across the sad apartment, and shedding brightness on its walls, William was half awakened from his imperfect slumbers by the measured, mellow, reverberating, swelling tone of the great cathedral bell. 'It is the hour of prime,' replied the attendants in answer to his inquiry. Then were the priesthood welcoming with voices of thanksgiving the renewed gift of another day, and sending forth the choral prayer that the hours might flow on in holiness until blessed at their close. But his time of labor and struggle, of sin and repentance, was past. William lifted up his hands in prayer, and expired."

All was now confusion; the men of high degree rushing to horse to secure their possessions, those of lower degree seizing whatever could be taken; while the wretches who hung about the court stripped the body even of its last garment, and left it on the floor. At length the clergy, roused from their consternation, began to offer up the prayers of the Church, and a knight of humble fortune, one Herlouin, took charge of the neglected king's obsequies, and, as sole mourner, reverently attended the coffin to Caen. At the gates the clergy came forth; but a fire broke out, and the procession passed through streets filled with stifling smoke, and crowded with affrighted fugitives, to St. Stephen's Abbey, where the grave was dug, and the service begun; but even now the body was not to be lowered peaceably into its last resting-place. Ascelin, a poor man, stood up, denounced the injustice of the king, and demanded payment for his grave. Inquiry was made; the land it was found had been violently wrested from the rightful owner; so the price was paid, the swollen body was lowered bursting into the ground; and "thus was William the Conqueror gathered to his fathers, with loathing, disgust, and horror." How must such a tale have addressed itself to the feelings of a superstitious age? how must the Saxon peasant have dwelt with stern delight on each revolting detail as he looked upon the daisy-strewn mounds in the green churchyard where his father slept, for when had even the poorest tiller of the ground so deserted a

death-bed, or so dishonored an obsequy, as the victor of Hastings?

In what light shall we view the Conquest? It was a stern visitation, replies Sir Francis Palgrave, for "in the same manner as the sins of the European community demanded the visitation of the French Revolution, so did the English require the discipline of the Norman sword;" but while its immediate effects were disastrous, its after results, he maintains, were fraught with great and abiding benefits. The first benefit to which Sir Francis Palgrave points is one which we do not recollect seeing noticed before. This is, that by means of the conquest "England was brought into a closer connection with the general affairs of the commonwealth of Western Christendom than had ever subsisted before." Constantly harassed by fears of the Danes, and yet more by internal feuds, England, especially during the last hundred years, had been gradually more and more severed from the feelings, thoughts, and interests of Western Europe. Now this in an age when facilities for learning were few, and learned men were widely scattered, had a most injurious effect upon English literature; it had an injurious effect upon the people, too, shutting them out from many a source of interesting inquiry, from whatever had not immediate reference to their own narrow views. But from henceforward "the island and the firm land were compelled to be constantly in communication with each other, to be united by sympathies, or cognizant of each other by hostilities." May not the spirit of mercantile enterprise, which we can trace so clearly almost from the time of the Conquest, be assigned to this cause?

Sir Francis Palgrave next examines the assertion that the conquest destroyed English nationality, by changing the language, and abolishing the old constitution. In answer to the first charge he remarks, that without any national conquest, the Danish language has undergone more changes than the English. Snorro Sturleson is obsolete; and if Regner Lodbrok were to chant his death-song in the streets of Copenhagen, nay, even at Drontheim, it would be as little intelligible to his auditors as Caedmon's song, though accompanied by himself upon his harp, would be to an audience in Hanover Square. Indeed, so thoroughly is our language unchanged in its essential elements that the Lord's

Prayer translated by Pope Adrian in 1156, has only a single word that can now be considered obsolete. Those changes which the English language has undergone, he considers, may rather be attributed to the blending of the various dialects which were in use among our forefathers into one prevailing form of speech. To the charge of abolishing the ancient laws of the land, Sir Francis Palgrave replies, that much can be traced still in our political constitution, while "the whole customary tenure of land over all the length and breadth of the island was, and indeed is, purely and sincerely English."

"If any one of my readers should chance to renew his holding under the Bishop of Worcester, it will be *gebooked* to him for three lives, exactly as if good Wulstane was to receive the fine. Of aldermen it is unnecessary to speak, and throughout the whole of our municipal institutions the vitality of the old English customs and constitution is truly wonderful. Bring an ejectionment for lands in the parish of Clapham or Chelsea, and Judge Holt would at once have nonsuited you for not laying the venue in the Anglo-Saxon town. If the lord of the manor has to vindicate his franchise, he presses into his service, *sac* and *soc*, *infangthef*, and *outfangthef*, and whatsoever else he can find in King Ethelred's charter. And if the Hlafod who now holds the possession of the Saxon owner were to exert his rights, the inhabitants of Manchester Square would be compelled to appear at the court of the Lite as in the earliest age."

Thus, too, "the courts of the burgh, the hundred, the shire, have not changed even in name," for "whatever aspects William's policy assumed, he never departed from the principle that he had placed himself in the position of a legitimate sovereign, asserting legitimate rights. And even his great seal," by which his will and pleasure, his grace and favor, or his enmity, were announced, proved this to an age in which symbol had far more power than words.

"On the reverse, the Duke of Normandy, mounted on his war-steed, grasps the sword of Rollo, defended by shield and mail; but on the obverse, the *Rex Anglorum*, seated on the throne of justice, wears the crown of Alfred, and presents the sceptre surmounted by the peaceful dove. . . . William was cruel, prudent, cunning, entirely unscrupulous as to the means he used,—the sword, the axe, and, if universal rumor could be

trusted, the poisoned cup,—but he made no attempt to introduce a new religion, new language, new customs, new laws. He never strove to Normanize the English."

Whence, then, the bitter memories called up in the popular mind, whenever the "Conquest" is spoken of? wherefore the implacable hatred with which even our latest chroniclers pursue the very name of the first William? One, and perhaps the chief reason, was, we think, that his first steps in England had been traced in Saxon blood. Although he came, not as the invader of a kingdom, but as the claimant of a crown bequeathed to him by his cousin, still, the remembrance of the field of Hastings rankled in the breasts of his new subjects and forbade their yielding him a willing homage. Had William from thenceforth reigned in peace, "the lake of blood" might have faded from their memories, and they might have been prepared to adopt, even if they did not welcome, his stern but most beneficial system of police. But the English were a haughty race, and they chafed against the rule of a foreigner, even as they always have done. The forefathers of those who almost drove their deliverer from his throne by their clamor against his "Dutch guards," who so foolishly played into the hands of the Jacobites by their phrase of "the Hanover rats," were not likely quietly to see a foreign king, far less foreign adventurers, crowding over to share in the plunder of a land which had yet to be won. William seems to have thought that wide England was rich and helpless as his stately cousin. He soon found his mistake; and then the hard, remorseless character of the pitiless conqueror was fully shown. Then followed confiscations, judicial murders, and a "razzia" along the whole north-eastern coast, such as Christendom had never before seen. Of what value was "the good peace he made, so that a man with his bosom full of gold" might pass along, when tallage after tallage was so unsparingly enforced, and a land wasted by such awful devastations? Of what avail that "no man durst slay another, though he had done ever so much evil against him," when Edwin, Morcar, and even Waltheof were sacrificed at the mere will of the ruler, and the Saxon churl hung on the gallows-tree for infraction of the forest code?

And then, "the Saxons seem to have had a very strong aristocratical feeling;" and, therefore, nothing was more irritating to their

pride than to see "the host of adventurers, most of whom had been rude and poor and despicable in their own country," take for their brides the fair and high-born Saxon maidens.* The Saxon, too, from his earliest settlement here, loved the untrammelled freedom of country life. It seems to have been only by very slow degrees that he became a voluntary dweller in towns. Now the Norman tendency was always strongly toward congregating the masses in burghs or cities; even their "castle life" accustomed their retainers to a control which the Saxon in his "toft," surrounded by his fields, could never have borne; and thus arrangements, actually most beneficial to an advancing population were viewed as acts of enormous tyranny. Thus, that the hundred should be answerable for the murder, was pointed to as gross injustice; thus the compilation of "Domesday-book," although an important boon to the smallest landholder, inasmuch as it secured to him all the rights he had hitherto enjoyed was denounced as unheard-of oppression; while the enactment respecting the curfew—although a regulation easily set at naught by the scattered upland population, but a valuable protection to the inhabitants of the walled town—has ever been viewed as the very climax of "Norman William's," tyranny.†

* The reader who remembers Lord Macaulay's extravagant figure of the "white planter and the quadroon girl," must, under the far more reliable guidance of Sir Francis Palgrave, just reverse it; for the Norman adventurer marrying the Saxon maiden, was actually the quadroon man seeking the daughter of the white planter. As the author of "Revolutions in English History" truly remarks, except in military science,—and we should be inclined to add, in architecture,—the Normans were far inferior to the Saxons. "Their valor stood them in good stead, but their learning and refinement are almost wholly of a date subsequent to their settlement in England."

† Strange misapprehensions, even among well-informed writers, have prevailed on this subject. Forgetting the early hours of our forefathers, they have forgotten that eight o'clock precisely answers to midnight in the present day. The phrase *couvre feu*, obviously does not mean putting out the fire, but covering it up with a turf, or slow-burning coal, as is still in use in many parts of the country. That lights were prohibited after this time is a wholly unfounded assertion, and we could bring numberless proofs of this from contemporary chronicles. But the chief proof that this dreaded curfew-bell was a beneficial municipal regulation, is, that during the whole of the Middle Ages it continued to be rung in every town and city, and that even the London "prentices bold" were compelled to be "within doors by curfew-time."

Now, after the lapse of eight hundred years, need we echo these complaints? Rather let us inquire, In what light, as a whole, shall we view this conquest of William's? Let no praise be given to him; for bitter oppression, cruel wrong, was the portion he unrelentingly imposed on our forefathers, and under his iron sway a less energetic race might have been crushed hopelessly. But the evil, great and overwhelming, was but temporary, the benefits lasting. "No permanent evil was inflicted on the great masses of society; the shattered and decayed elements of old English policy were preserved, and the means provided for reun-

ing them in a more efficient organization." The main principles of our legal and political constitution continue, as we have seen, unchanged; while the very insults and oppressions of the Conquest aroused that spirit of steadfast, persisting resistance, which, under inflictions less galling, might have slumbered on. Once thoroughly aroused, the Saxon resumed his former energy; he once more stood prepared to defend his rights, to fling off his temporary yoke, and ere four generations had passed away, the Norman and Normandy were lost sight of in the prouder names of Englishman and England.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the men of Dundee 'twas a bailie that spoke,
"To miss seeing the prince, it were surely no
joke;

So let a' in the toon, that love booing and me,
Come deeve him and mob him through bonnie
Dundee.

Come fill up your cup, come fou' as ye can,
Come summon the gudewives, and call up
the men;

Come block up the causey, nor let them gang
free,

Till they hae a guid surfeit o' bonnie Dun-
dee."

They're a' in the carriage, they drive to the
shore,

To reach Broughty Ferry as settled before;

But the provost, gude man, said, "We're no let
them be,

Till they've seen a good deal o' the folk o' Dun-
dee?"

Come fill up your cup, etc.

So the Camperdown spurs to the door of the
coach,

And speaks with His Highness in humble re-
proach;

"Ye're surely no gangin' awa' to the sea,
Before ye've made frin's wi' the folk o' Dun-
dee?"

Come fill up your cup, etc.

Sae the heads of the horses were turned to the
town,

And like hawks on their quarry, the bailies came
down;

And their Highnesses never won aff to the sea,
Till wearied and deaf wi' the mob o' Dundee.

Come fill up your cup, etc.

And when, at lang last, they were safely on
board,

The bonnie young princess spoke up to her lord;
"When next ye leave England wi' baby and me,
Ye'll gang some ither gate than by bonnie Dun-
dee!"

Come fill up your cup, etc.

—*Examiner.*

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

*Written on reading "a Dedication" in "Enoch Ar-
den, etc."*

"THE wise indifference of the wise"

"To" critics' "blame" — "to" critics'
"praise!"

Strange reads thy prayer unto our eyes,
O crown and wonder of our days!

Oh, what hast thou to think of such?

For such had Dante hopes and fears?

Did such afflict glad Chaucer much,

Thou, read with blessings, awe, and tears!

By such was that far darkness vexed

Who rolled in thunders Ilion's fall?

By such was sweetest will perplexed,

O thou the heir and peer of all!

As my heart read thee, what to me

Were they! what teachings did I need

To make my tears too thick to see

Thy page I hungered on to read!

Write beauty and life's sad, sweet truth

As thou writ'st here—make our eyes blind

As thou dost now—Critics! in sooth,

Let them be dumb or loud—who'll mind!

Blackheath, Aug. 24.

W. C. BENNETT.

*Inserted after reading "a Review" of "Enoch Ar-
den" in the "Athenæum."—Ed. Ex.*

CHAPTER VI.

ERMINE'S RESOLUTION.

"For as his hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears."

H. VAUGHAN.

ALISON had not been wrong in her presentiment that the second interview would be more trying than the first. The exceeding brightness and animation of Ermine's countenance, her speaking eyes, unchanged complexion, and lively manner,—above all, the restoration of her real, substantial self,—had so sufficed and engrossed Colin Keith in the gladness of their first meeting that he had failed to comprehend her helpless state, and already knowing her to be an invalid, not entirely recovered from her accident, he was only agreeably surprised to see the beauty of face he had loved so long retaining all its vivacity of expression. And when he met Alison the next morning with a cordial brotherly greeting and inquiry for her sister, her "Very well," and "not at all the worse for the excitement," were so hearty and ready that he could not have guessed that "well" with Ermine meant something rather relative than positive. Alison brought him a playful message from her, that, since he was not going to Belfast, she should meet him with a freer conscience if he would first give her time for Rose's lessons, and, as he said, he had lived long enough with Messrs. Conrade and Co. to acknowledge the wisdom of the message. But Rose had not long been at leisure to look out for him before he made his appearance, and walking in by right, as one at home, and sitting down in his yesterday's place, took the little maiden on his knee, and began to talk to her about the lessons he had been told to wait for. What would she have done without them? He knew some people who never could leave the house quiet enough to hear one's self speak if they were deprived of lessons. Was that the way with her? Rose laughed like a creature—her aunt said—"to whom the notion of noise at play was something strange and ridiculous; necessity has reduced her to Jacqueline Pascal's system with her *pensionnaires*, who were allowed to play one by one without any noise."

"But I don't play all alone," said Rose; "I play with you, Aunt Ermine, and with Violetta."

And Violetta speedily had the honor of an introduction, very solemnly gone through, in due form; Ermine, in the languid sportiveness of enjoyment of his presence and his kindness to the child, inciting Rose to present Miss Violetta Williams to Colonel Keith, an introduction that he returned with a grand military salute, at the same time as he shook the doll's inseparable fingers. "Well, Miss Violetta and Miss Rose, when you come to live with me, I shall hope for the pleasure of teaching you to make a noise."

"What does he mean?" said Rose, turning round amazed upon her aunt.

"I am afraid he does not quite know," said Ermine, sadly.

"Nay, Ermine," said he, turning from the child, and bending over her, "you are the last who should say that. Have I not told you that there is nothing now in our way,—no one with a right to object, and means enough for all we should wish, including her? What is the matter?" he added, startled by her look.

"Ah, Colin! I thought you knew!"—

"Knew what, Ermine?" with his brows drawn together.

"Knew—what I am," she said; "knew the impossibility. What, they have not told you? I thought I was the invalid, the cripple, with every one."

"I knew you had suffered cruelly; I knew you were lame," he said, breathlessly; "but—what?"—

"It is more than lame," she said. "I should be better off if the fiction of the Queens of Spain were truth with me. I could not move from this chair without help. Oh, Colin! poor Colin, it was very cruel not to have prepared you for this!" she added, as he gazed at her in grief and dismay, and made a vain attempt to find the voice that would not come. "Yes, indeed, it is so," she said; "the explosion, rather than the fire, did mischief below the knee that poor nature could not repair, and I can but just stand and cannot walk at all."

"Has anything been done—advice?" he managed to utter.

"Advice upon advice, so that I felt it at last almost a compensation to be out of the way of the doctors. No, nothing more can be done; and now that one is used to it, the snail is very comfortable in its shell. But I wish you could have known it sooner!" she

added, seeing him shade his brow with his hand, overwhelmed.

"What you must have suffered!" he murmured.

"That is all over long ago; every year has left that further behind, and made me more content. Dear Colin, for me there is nothing to grieve."

He could not control himself, rose up, made a long stride, and passed through the open window into the garden.

"Oh, if I could only follow him!" gasped Ermine, joining her hands and looking up.

"Is it because you can't walk?" said Rose, somewhat frightened, and for the first time beginning to comprehend that her joyous-tempered aunt could be a subject for pity.

"Oh! this was what I feared!" sighed Ermine. "Oh, give us strength to go through with it!" Then becoming awake to the child's presence. "A little water if you please, my dear." Then, more composedly, "Don't be frightened, my Rose; you did not know it was such a shock to find me so laid by"—

"He is in the garden walking up and down," said Rose. "May I go and tell him how much merrier you always are than Aunt Allie?"

Poor Ermine felt anything but merry just then, but she had some experience of Rose's powers of soothing, and signed assent. So in another second Colonel Keith was met in the hasty, agonized walk by which he was endeavoring to work off his agitation, and the slender child looked wistfully up at him from dark depths of half-understanding eyes: "Please, please don't be so very sorry," she said. "Aunt Ermine does not like it. She never is sorry for herself"—

"Have I shaken her,—distressed her?" he asked, anxiously.

"She doesn't like you to be sorry," said Rose, looking up. "And indeed she does not mind it; she is such a merry aunt! Please, come in again, and see how happy we always are"—

The last words were spoken so near the window that Ermine caught them, and said, "Yes, come in, Colin, and learn not to grieve for me, or you will make me repent of my selfish gladness yesterday."

"Not grieve!" he exclaimed, "when I think of the beautiful vigorous being that

used to be the life of the place"—and he would have said more but for a deprecating sign of the hand.

"Well" she said, half smiling, "it is a pity to think even of a crushed butterfly; but indeed, Colin, if you can bear to listen to me; I think I can show you that it all has been a blessing even by sight, as well as, of course, by faith. Only remember the unsatisfactoriness of our condition,—the never seeing or hearing from one another after that day when Mr. Beauchamp came down on us. Did not the accident win for us a parting that was much better to remember than that state of things? Oh! the pining, weary feel as if all the world had closed on me! I do assure you it was much worse than anything that came after the burn. Yes, if I had been well and doing like others, I know I should have fretted and wearied, pined myself ill perhaps, whereas I could always tell myself that every year of your absence might be a step toward your finding me well; and when I was forced to give up that hope for myself, why then, Colin, the never seeing your name made me think you would never be disappointed and grieved as you are now. It is very merciful the way that physical trials help one through those of the mind."

"I never knew," said the colonel; "all my aunt's latter letters spoke of your slow improvement beyond hope."

"True, in her time, the point where I stopped I had not come to. The last time I saw her I was still up-stairs; and, indeed, I did not half know what I could do till I tried."

"Yes," said he, brightened by that buoyant look so remarkable in her face; "and you will yet do more, Ermine. You have convinced me that we shall be all the happier together"—

"But that was not what I meant to convince you of"—she said, faintly.

"Not what you meant, perhaps; but what it did convince me was, that you—as you are, my Ermine—are ten thousand times more to me than even as the beautiful girl, and that there never can be a happier pair than we shall be when I am your hands and feet."

Ermine sat up, and rallied all her forces, choked back the swelling of her throat, and said, "Dear Colin, it cannot be! I trusted you were understanding that, when I told you how it was with me."

He could not speak from consternation.

"No," she said, "it would be wrong in me to think of it for an instant. That you should have done so, shows— Oh, Colin, I cannot talk of it; but it would be as ungenerous in me to consent as it is noble of you to propose it."

"It is no such thing," he answered; "it has been the one object and thought of my life, the only hope I have had all these years."

"Exactly so," she said, struggling again to speak firmly, "and that is the very thing. You kept your allegiance to the bright, tall, walking, active girl, and it would be a shame in the scorched cripple to claim it."

"Don't call yourself names. Have I not told you that you are more than the same?"

"You do not know. You are pleased because my face is not burned, nor grown much older, and because I can talk and laugh in the same voice still." (Oh, how it quivered!) "But it would be a wicked mockery in me to pretend to be the wife you want. Yes, I know you think you do, but that is just because my looks are so deceitful, and you have kept on thinking about me; but you must make a fresh beginning."

"You can tell me that!" he said, indignantly.

"Because it is not new to me," she said; "the quarter of an hour you stood by me, with that deadly calm in your white face, was the real farewell to the young hopeful dream of that bright summer. I wish it was as calm now!"

"I believed you dying then!" answered he.

"Do not make me think it would have been better for you if I had been," she said, imploringly. "It was as much the end, and I knew it from the time my recovery stopped short. I would have let you know if I could, and then you would not have been so much shocked."

"So as to cut me off from you entirely?"

"No, indeed. The thought of seeing you again was too—too overwhelming to be indulged in; knowing, as I did, that if you were the same to me, it must be at this sad cost to you;" and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is you who make it so, Ermine."

"No; it is the providence that has set me aside from the active work of life. Pray do

not go on, Colin, it is only giving us both useless pain. You do not know what it costs me to deny you, and I feel that I must. I know you are only acting on the impulse of generosity. Yes, I will say so; though you think it is to please yourself," she added, with one of those smiles that nothing could drive far from her lips, and which made it infinitely harder to acquiesce in her denial.

"I will make you think so in time," he said.

"Then I might tell you, you had no right to please yourself," she answered, still with the same air of playfulness; "you have got a brother you know—and—yes, I hear you growl; but if he is a poor old broken man out of health, it is the more reason you should not vex him, nor hamper yourself with a helpless commodity."

"You are not taking the way to make me forget what my brother has done for us!"

"How do you know that he did not save me from being a strong-minded military lady? After all, it was absurd to expect people to look favorably on our liking for one another, and you know they could not be expected to know that there was real stuff in the affair. If there had not been, we should have thought so all the same, you know, and been quite as furious!"

He could not help smiling, recollecting fury that, in the course of these twelve years, he had seen evinced under similar circumstances by persons who had consoled themselves before he had done pitying them. "Still," he said, gravely, "I think there was harshness."

"So do I, but not so much as I thought at that time, and— Oh, surely that is not Rachel Curtis! I told her I thought you would call!"

"Intolerable!" he muttered between his teeth. "Is she always coming to bore you?"

"She has been very kind, and my great enlivenment," said Ermine, "and she can't be expected to know how little we want her. Oh, there! the danger is averted. She must have asked if you were here."

"I was just thinking that she was the chief objection to Lady Temple's kind wish of having you at Myrtlewood."

"Does Lady Temple know?" asked Ermine, blushing.

"I could not keep it from one who has

been so uniformly kind to me ; but I desired her not to let it go further till I should hear your wishes."

"Yes, she has a right to know," said Ermine ; "but, please, not a word elsewhere."

"And will you not come to stay with her?"

"I? Oh, no; I am fit for no place but this. You don't half know how bad I am. When you have seen a little more of us, you will be quite convinced."

"Well, at least, you give me leave to come here."

"Leave? When it is a greater pleasure than I ever thought to have again; that is, while you understand that you said good-by to the Ermine of Beauchamp Parsonage twelve years ago, and that the thing here is only a ghost, most glad and grateful to be a friend,—a sister."

"So," he said, "those are to be the terms of my admission."

"The only possible ones."

"I will consider them. I have not accepted them."

"You will," she said.

But she met a smile in return, implying that there might be a will as steadfast as her own, although the question might be waived for a time.

Meantime, Rachel was as nearly hating Colonel Keith as principle would allow, with "Human Reeds," newly finished, burning in her pocket, "Military Society" fermenting in her brain, and "Curatocult" still unacknowledged. Had he not had quite time for any rational visit? Was he to devour Mackarel Lane as well as Myrtlewood? She was on her way to the latter house, meeting Grace as she went, and congratulating herself that he could not be in two places at once, whilst Grace secretly wondered how far she might venture to build on Alison Williams's half confidence, and regretted the anxiety wasted by Rachel and the mother; though to be sure, that of Mrs. Curtis was less uncalled for than her daughter's, since it was only the fear of Fanny's not being sufficiently guarded against misconstructions.

Rachel held up her hands in despair in the hall. "Six officers' cards!" she exclaimed.

"No, only six cards;" said Grace, "there are two of each."

"That's enough," sighed Rachel; "and look there," gazing through the garden-door.

"She is walking with the young puppy that

dined here on Thursday, and they called Alick."

"Do you remember," said Grace, "how she used to chatter about Alick, when she first came to us, at six years old? He was the child of one of the officers. Can this be the same?"

"That's one of your ideas, Grace. Look, this youth could have been hardly born when Fanny came to us! No, he is only one of the idlers that military life has accustomed her to."

Rather against Grace's feeling, Rachel drew her on, so as to come up with Lady Temple and her friend in the midst of their conversation, and they heard the last words:—

"Then you will give me dear Bessie's direction?"

"Thank you, it will be the greatest kindness"—

"Oh, Grace, Rachel, is it you?" exclaimed Fanny. "You have not met before, I think. Mr. Keith—Miss Curtis."

Very young indeed were both face and figure, fair and pale, and though there was a moustache, it was so light and silky as to be scarcely visible; the hair too was almost flaxen, and the whole complexion had a washed-out appearance. The eyes indeed were of the same peculiar deep blue as the colonel's, but even these were little seen, under their heavy sleepy lids, and the long limbs had in every movement something of weight and slowness, the very sight of which fretted Rachel, and made her long to shake him. It appeared that he was come to spend the Sunday at Avonmouth, and Grace tried to extract the comfort for her mother that two gentlemen were better than one, and Fanny need not be on their minds for chaperonage for that day.

A party of garden-chairs on the lawn invited repose, and there the ladies seated themselves; Fanny laying down her heavy erape bonnet, and showing her pretty little delicate face, now much fresher and more roseate than when she arrived, though her wide-spreading black draperies gave a certain dignity to her slight figure, contrasting with the summer muslins of her two cousins, as did her hot-house plant fairness with their firm, healthy glow of complexion, her tender, shrinking grace with their upright vigor. The gentleman of the party leaned back in a languid, easy posture, as though

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only half awake, and the whole was so quiet that Grace, missing the usual tumult of children, asked after them.

"The boys have gone to their favorite cove, under the plantation. They have a fort there, and Hubert told me he was to be a hero, and Miss Williams a she-ro."

"I would not encourage that description of sport," said Rachel, willing to fight a battle in order to avert maternal anecdotes of boyish sayings.

"They like it so much," said Fanny, "and they learn so much, now that they act all the battles they read about."

"That is what I object to," said Rachel; "it is accustoming them to confound heroism with pugnacity."

"No, but, Rachel, dear, they do quarrel and fight among themselves much less now that this is all in play and good-humor," pleaded Fanny.

"Yes, that may be, but you are cultivating the dangerous instinct, although for a moment giving it a better direction."

"Dangerous? Oh, Alick! do you think it can be?" said Fanny, less easily borne down with a supporter beside her.

"According to the Peace Society," he answered with a quiet air of courteous deference. "Perhaps you belong to it."

"No, indeed," answered Rachel, rather indignantly. "I think war the great purifier and ennobler of nations, when it is for a good and great cause; but I think education ought to protest against confounding mere love of combat with heroism."

"Query, the true meaning of the word?" he said, leaning back.

"*Heros*, yes from the same root as the German *herr*," readily responded Rachel, "meaning no more than lord or master; but there can be no doubt that the progress of ideas has linked with it a much nobler association."

"Progress! What, since the heroes were half divine!"

"Half divine in the esteem of a people who thought brute courage godlike. To us the word maintains its semi-divinity, and it should be our effort to associate it only with that which veritably has the godlike stamp."

"And that is"—

"Doing more than one's duty," exclaimed Rachel, with a glistening eye.

"Very uncomfortable and superfluous, and

not at all easy," he said, half shutting his already heavy eyes.

"Easy, no, that's the beauty and the glory"—

"Major Sherborne and Captain Lester in the drawing-room, my lady," announced Coombe, who had looked infinitely cheered since this military influx.

"You will come with me, Grace," said Fanny, rising. "I dare say you had rather not, Rachel, and it would be a pity to disturb you, Alick."

"Thank you; it would be decidedly more than my duty."

"I am quite sorry to go, you are so amusing," said Fanny; "but I suppose you will have settled about heroism by the time we come out again, and will tell me what the boys ought to play at."

Rachel's age was quite past the need of troubling herself at being left *ête-à-tête* with a mere lad like this; and, besides, it was an opportunity not to be neglected of giving a young carpet knight a lesson in true heroism. There was a pause after the other two had moved off. Rachel reflected for a few moments, and then, precipitated by the fear of her audience falling asleep, she exclaimed,—

"No words have been more basely misused than hero and heroine. The one is the mere fighting animal whose strength or fortune has borne him through some more than ordinary danger, the other is only the subject of an adventure, perfectly irrespective of her conduct in it."

"Bathos attends all high words," he said, as she paused, chiefly to see whether he was awake, and not like her dumb playfellow of old.

"This is not their natural bathos, but their misuse. They ought to be reserved for those who in any department have passed the limits to which the necessity of their position constrained them, and done acts of self-devotion for the good of others. I will give you an instance, and from your own profession, that you may see I am not prejudiced; besides, the hero of it is past praise or blame." Encouraged by seeing a little more of his eyes she went on. "It was in the course of the siege of Delhi, a shell came into a tent where some sick and wounded were lying. There was one young officer among them who could move enough to have had a chance of escaping the explosion, but instead of that,

he took the shell up, its fuse burning as it was, and ran with it out of the tent, then hurled it to a distance. It exploded, and of course was his death, but the rest were saved; and I call that a deed of heroism far greater than mounting a breach or leading a forlorn hope."

"Killed, you say?" inquired Mr. Keith, still in the same lethargic manner,

"Oh, yes, mortally wounded: carried back to die among the men he had saved."

"Jessie Cameron singing his dirge," mumbled this provoking individual, with something about the form of his cheek that Rachel took for a derisive smile, and made her exclaim, vehemently, "You do not mean to undervalue an action like that in comparison with mere animal pugnacity in an advance!"

"More than one's duty was your test," he said.

"And was not this more than duty? Ah! I see yours is a spirit of depreciation, and I can only say I pity you."

He took the trouble to lift himself up and make a little bow of acknowledgment. Certainly he was worse than the colonel; but Rachel, while mustering her powers for annihilating him, was annoyed by all the party in the drawing-room coming forth to join them, the other officers rallying young Keith upon his luxurious station, and making it evident that he was a proverb in the regiment for taking his ease. Chairs were brought out, and afternoon tea, and the callers sat down to wait for Colonel Keith to come in, Grace feeling obliged to stay to help Fanny entertain her visitors, and Rachel to protect her from their follies. One thing Grace began to perceive, that Lady Temple had in her former world been a person of much more consideration than she was made here, and seeing the polite and deferential manner of these officers to her, could only wonder at her gentle content and submission in meeting with no particular attention from anybody, and meekly allowing herself to be browbeaten by Rachel and lectured by her aunt.

A lecture was brewing up for her indeed. Poor Mrs. Curtis was very much concerned at the necessity, and only spurred up by a strong sense of duty to give a hint,—the study of which hint cost her a whole sleepless night and a very weary Sunday morning. She decided that her best course would be to drive

to Myrtlewood rather early on her way to church, and take up Fanny, gaining a previous conference with her alone, if possible. "Yes, my dear," she said to Grace, "I must get it over before church, or it will make me so nervous all through the service."

And Grace, loving her mother best, durst not suggest what it might do to Fanny, hoping that the service might help her to digest the hint.

Mrs. Curtis's regular habits were a good deal shocked to find Fanny still at the breakfast-table. The children had indeed long finished, and were scattered about the room, one of them standing between Colonel Keith's knees, repeating a hymn; but the younger guest was still in the midst of his meal, and owned in his usual cool manner that he was to blame for the lateness, there was no resisting the charms of no morning parade.

Her aunt's appearance made Fanny imagine it much later than it really was, and she hurried off the children to be dressed, and proceeded herself to her room, Mrs. Curtis following, and by way of preliminary, asking when Colonel Keith was going to Ireland.

"Oh!" said Fanny, blushing most suspiciously under her secret, "he is not going to Ireland now."

"Indeed! I quite understood that he intended it."

"Yes," faltered Fanny, "but he found that he need not."

"Indeed!" again ejaculated poor perplexed Mrs. Curtis; "but then, at least, he is going away soon."

"He must go to Scotland by and by, but for the present he is going into lodgings. Do you know of any nice ones, dear aunt?"

"Well, I suppose you can't help that; you know, my dear, it would never do for him to stay in this house."

"I never thought of that," said Fanny, simply, the color coming in a fresh glow.

"No, my dear, but you see you are very young and inexperienced. I do not say you have done anything the least amiss, or that you ever would mean it, only you will forgive your old aunt for putting you on your guard."

Fanny kissed her, but with eyes full of tears, and cheeks burning; then her candor drew from her, "It was he that thought of getting a lodging. I am glad I did not persuade him not; but you know he always did live with us."

"With us. Yes, my poor dear, that is the difference, and you see he feels it. But, indeed, my dear child, though he is a very good man, I dare say, and quite a gentleman all but his beard, you had better not encourage— You know people are so apt to make remarks."

"I have no fear," said Fanny, turning away her head, conscious of the impossibility of showing her aunt her mistake.

"Ah! my dear, you don't guess how ready people are to talk; and you would not like—for your children's sake, for your husband's sake—that—that?"

"Pray, pray, aunt!" cried Fanny, much pained. "Indeed, you don't know. My husband had confidence in him more than in any one. He told him to take care of me, and look after the boys. I couldn't hold aloof from him without transgressing those wishes,"—and the words were lost in a sob.

"My dear, indeed, I did not mean to distress you. You know, I dare say—I mean"—hesitated poor Mrs. Curtis. "I know you must see a great deal of him. I only want you to take care,—appearances are appearances, and if it was said you had all these young officers always coming about?"

"I don't think they will come. It was only just to call, and they have known me so long. It is all out of respect to my father and Sir Stephen," said Fanny, meekly as ever. "Indeed, I would not for the world do anything you did not like, dear aunt; but there can't be any objection to my having Mrs. Hammond and the children to spend the day to-morrow."

Mrs. Curtis did not like it; she had an idea that all military ladies were dashing and vulgar, but she could not say there was any objection, so she went on to the head of poor Fanny's offending. "This young man, my dear, he seems to make himself very intimate."

"Alick Keith? Oh, aunt!" said Fanny, more surprised than by all the rest; "don't you know about him? His father and mother were our greatest friends always; I used to play with him every day till I came to you. And then just as I married, poor Mrs. Keith died and we had dear little Bessie with us till her father could send her home. And when poor Alick was so dreadfully wounded before Delhi, Sir Stephen sent him up in a litter

to the hills for mamma and me to nurse. Mamma was so fond of him, she used to call him her son."

"Yes, my dear, I dare say you have been very intimate; but you see you are very young, and his staying here?"

"I thought he would be so glad to come and be with the colonel, who was his guardian and Bessie's," said Fanny; "and I have promised to have Bessie to stay with me, she was such a dear little thing?"

"Well, my dear, it may be a good thing for you to have a young lady with you, and if he is to come over, her presence will explain it. Understand me, my dear, I am not at all afraid of your—your doing anything foolish, only to get talked of is so dreadful in your situation that you can't be too careful."

"Yes, yes, thank you, dear aunt," murmured the drooping and subdued Fanny, aware how much the remonstrance must cost her aunt, and sure that she must be in fault in some way, if she could only see how. "Please, dear aunt, help me, for indeed I don't know how to manage,—tell me how to be civil and kind to my dear husband's friends without,—without?"

Her voice broke down, though she kept from tears as an unkindness to her aunt.

In very fact, little as she knew it, she could not have defended herself better than by this humble question, throwing the whole guidance of her conduct upon her aunt. If she had been affronted, Mrs. Curtis could have been displeased; but to be thus set to prescribe the right conduct, was at once mollifying and perplexing.

"Well, well, my dear child, we all know you wish to do right; you can judge best. I would not have you ungrateful or uncivil, only you know you are living very quietly, and intimacy—Oh! my dear, I know your own feeling will direct you. Dear child, you have taken what I said so kindly! And now let me see that dear little girl."

Rachel had not anticipated that the upshot of a remonstrance, even from her mother, would be that Fanny was to be directed by her own feeling!

That same feeling took Fanny to Mackarel Lane later in the day. She had told the colonel her intention, and obtained Alison's assurance that Ermine's stay at Myrtlewood need not be impracticable, and armed with

their consent, she made her timid tap at Miss Williams's door, and showed her sweet face within it.

"May I come in? Your sister and your little niece are gone for a walk. I told them I would come! I did so want to see you!"

"Thank you," said Ermine, with a sweet smile, coloring cheek, yet grave eyes, and much taken by surprise at being seized by both hands, and kissed on each cheek.

"Yes, you must let me," said her visitor, looking up with her pretty imploring gesture; "you know I have known him so long, and he has been so good to me!"

"Indeed, it is very kind in you," said Ermine, fully feeling the force of the plea expressed in the winning young face and gentle eyes full of tears.

"Oh, no, I could not help it. I am only so sorry we kept him away from you when you wanted him so much; but we did not know, and he was Sir Stephen's right hand, and we none of us knew what to do without him; but if he had only told"—

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" said Ermine, "but indeed, it was better for *him* to be away." Even her wish to console that pleading little widow could not make her say that his coming would not have been good for her. "It has been such a pleasure to hear he had so kind and happy a home all these years."

"Oh, you cannot think how Sir Stephen loved and valued him. The one thing I always did wish was that Conrade should grow up to be as much help and comfort to his father, and now he never can! But," driving back a tear, "it was so hard that you should not have known how distinguished and useful and good he was all those years. Only now I shall have the pleasure of telling you;" and she smiled. She was quite a different being when free from the unsympathizing influence, which, without her understanding it, had kept her from dwelling on her dearest associations.

"It will be a pleasure of pleasures," said Ermine, eagerly.

"Then you will do me a favor, a very great favor," said Fanny, laying hold of her hand again, "if you and your sister and niece will come and stay with me." And as Ermine commenced her refusal, she went on in the same coaxing way, with a description of her plans for Ermine's comfort, giving

her two rooms on the ground-floor, and assuring her of the absence of steps, the immunity from all teasing by the children, of the full consent of her sister, and the wishes of the colonel; nay, when Ermine was still unpersuaded, of the exceeding kindness it would be to herself. "You see I am terribly young, *really*," she said, "though I have so many boys, and my aunt thinks it awkward for me to have so many officers calling, and I can't keep them away because they are my father's and Sir Stephen's old friends; so please do come and make it all right!"

Ermine was driven so hard, and so entirely deprived of all excuse, that she had no alternative left but to come to the real motive.

"I ought not," she said, "it is not good for him, so you must not press me, dear Lady Temple. You see it is best for him that nobody should ever know of what has been between us."

"What! don't you mean?"—exclaimed Fanny, breaking short off.

"I cannot!" said Ermine.

"But he would like it. He wishes it as much as ever."

"I know he does," said Ermine, with a troubled voice; "but you see that is because he did not know what a wretched remnant I am, and he never has had time to think about any one else."

"Oh, no, no."

"And it would be very unfair of me to take advantage of that, and give him such a thing as I am."

"Oh, dear, but that is very sad!" cried Fanny, looking much startled.

"But I am sure you must see that it is right."

"It may be right," and out burst Fanny's ready tears; "but it is very, very hard, and disagreeable, if you don't mind my saying so, when I know it is so good of you. And don't you mean to let him even see you, when he has been constant so long?"

"No, I see no reason for denying myself that; indeed, I believe it is better for him to grow used to me as I am, and be convinced of the impossibility."

"Well, then, why will you not come to me?"

"Do you not see, in all your kindness, that my coming to you would make every one know the terms between us, while no one remarks his just coming to me here as an old

friend. And if he were ever to turn his mind to any one else"—

"He will never do that, I am sure."

"There is no knowing. He has never been, in his own estimation, disengaged from me," said Ermine; "his brother is bent on his marrying, and he ought to be perfectly free to do so, and not under the disadvantage that any report of this affair would be to him."

"Well, I am sure he never will," said Fanny, almost petulantly; "I know I shall hate her, that's all!"

Ermine thought her own charity toward Mrs. Colin Keith much more dubious than Lady Temple's, but she continued,—

"At any rate, you will be so kind as not to let any one know of it. I am glad you do. I should not feel it right that you should not; but it is different with others."

"Thank you. And if you will not come to me, you will let me come to you; won't you? It will be so nice to come and talk him over with you. Perhaps I shall persuade you some of these days after all. Only I must go now; for I always give the children their tea on Sunday. But please let your dear little niece come up to-morrow and play with them; the little Hammonds will be there; she is just their age."

Ermine felt obliged to grant this at least, though she was as doubtful of her shy Rose's happiness as of the expedience of the intimacy; but there was no being ungracious to the gentle visitor, and no doubt Ermine felt rejoiced and elevated. She did not need fresh assurances of Colin's constancy, but the affectionate sister-like congratulations of this loving, winning creature showed how real and in earnest his intentions were. And then Lady Temple's grateful esteem for him, being, as it was, the reflection of her husband's, was no small testimony to his merits.

"Pretty creature!" said Ermine, to herself; "really, if it did come to that, I could spare him to her better than to any one else. She has some notion how to value him."

Alison and Rose had in the mean time been joined by Colonel Keith and the boys, whom Alick had early deserted in favor of a sunny, sandy nook. The colonel's purpose was hard on poor Alison: it was to obtain her opinion of her sister's decision, and the likelihood of persistence in it. It was not, perhaps, bad for either that they conversed

under difficulties, the boys continually coming back to them from excursions on the rocks, and Rose holding her aunt's hand all the time; but to be sure Rose had heard nearly all the colonel's affairs, and somehow mixed him up with Henry of Cranstoun.

Very tenderly toward Alison herself did Colin Keith speak. It was the first time they had ever been brought into close contact, and she had quite to learn to know him. She had regarded his return as probably a misfortune; but it was no longer possible to do so, when she heard his warm and considerate way of speaking of her sister, only desirous of learning what was most for her real happiness. Nay, he even made a convert of Alison herself! She did believe that, would Ermine but think it right to consent, she would be happy and safe in the care of one who knew so well how to love her. Terrible as the wrench would be to Alison herself, she thought he deserved her sister, and that she would be as happy with him as earth could make her. But she did not believe Ermine would ever accept him. She knew the strong, unvarying resolution by which her sister had always held to what she thought right, and did not conceive that it would waver. The acquiescence in his visits, and the undisguised exultant pleasure in his society, were evidences to Alison, not of wavering or relenting, but of confidence in Ermine's own sense of impossibility. She durst not give him any hope, though she owned that he merited success. "Did she think his visits bad for her sister?" he then asked in the unselfishness that pleaded so strongly for him.

"No, certainly not," she answered, eagerly, then made a little hesitation that made him ask further.

"My only fear," she said, candidly, "is, that if this is pressed much on her, and she has to struggle with you and herself, too, it may hurt her health. Trouble tells not on her cheerfulness, but on her nerves."

"Thank you," he said; "I will refrain."

Alison was much happier than she had been since the first apprehension of his return. The first pang at seeing Ermine's heart another's property had been subdued; the present state of affairs was indefinitely prolonged, and she not only felt trust in Colin Keith's consideration for her sister, but she knew that an act of oblivion was part of her perpetration of the injury. She was right. His

original pitying repugnance to a mere unknown child could not be carried on to the grave, saddened woman devoted to her sister; and in the friendly, brotherly tone of that interview each understood the other. And when Alison came home and said, "I have been walking with Colin," her look made Ermine very happy.

"And learning to know him."

"Learning to sympathize with him, Ermine," with steady eyes and voice. "You are hard on him."

"Now, Ailie," said Ermine "once for all, he is not to set you on me, as he has done with Lady Temple. The more he persuades me, the better I know that to listen would be an abuse of his constancy. It would set him wrong with his brother, and as dear Edward's affairs stand we have no right to carry the supposed disgrace into a family that would believe it, though he does not. If I were ever so well, I should not think it right to marry. I shall not shun the sight of him; it is delightful to me, and a less painful cure

to him than sending him away would be. It is in the nature of things that he should cool into a friendly, kindly feeling, and I shall try to bear it. Or if he does marry, it will be all right, I suppose"—but her voice faltered, and she gave a sort of broken laugh. "There," she said, with a recovered flash of liveliness, "there's my resolution, to do what I like more than anything in the world as long as I can! and when it is over I shall be helped to do without it!"

"I can't believe"—broke out Alison.

"Not in your heart, but in your reason," said Ermine, endeavoring to smile. "He will hover about here, and always be kind, loving, considerate; but a time will come that he will want the home-happiness I cannot give. Then he will not wear out his affection on the impossible literary cripple, but begin over again and be happy. And, Alison, if your love for me is of the sound, strong sort I know it is, you will help me through with it, and never say one word to make it less easy and obvious to him."

THE FIRST TURNPIKE IN ENGLAND.—Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labor of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through by the side of the stone which supported the sun-dial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Highgate Hill,—that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's,—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of some means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it all along the unclean tract which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow Way." By digging out gravel, he gave a pond to the folk on the hill, where it was greatly needed; and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known. Travellers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of highways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him, and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing this meritorious act for the good of his fellow-men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The king, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Phelippe, the hermit," that he and the public

might know wherefore. The king declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Heghgate and Smethfield, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the king licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England, and William Phelippe, the hermit, was the father of the race of turnpike-keepers.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Two hundred and ten savans of England have signed a "Declaration" affirming their belief in the ultimate harmony between Science and Divine Revelation, but deprecating any presumptuous comparisons between them in the present state of our knowledge. Two have declined signing the declaration: Sir J. F. W. Herschel, on the ground that it is "an infringement of that social forbearance which guards the freedom of religious opinion in this country with especial sanctity;" and Sir John Bowring, who says "there is no presumption in giving to the world conclusions soberly, seriously, and reverently formed, be those conclusions what they may."

From Good Words.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

WHEN we reflect that London, this vast camp of three millions of men, is dependent upon the punctuality with which a few officials turn cocks for the supply of one of the first necessities of life,—water; when we call to mind that without their aid, and that of the machinery under their control, we should all of us wither up and die, as we see the green Aphis does on the leaves in a dry summer, it becomes interesting to inquire into the nature of that circulating water-system which our advancing civilization has substituted for the old natural sources of supply, before the metropolis had become a province covered with houses. Anciently, when London was a mere speck compared with its present size, the scattered houses, interspersed with meadows, depended upon its bourns, its viaducts, and its wells, to which water was supplied from the distant springs. At a very early date these sources became scant and insufficient, and the Thames itself was necessarily laid under contribution, especially by those living upon its banks. The Thames, as late as the days of Elizabeth, was a clear river, free from the greater portion of the impurities that now pollute it; and there was only lacking the science to distribute it cheaply and effectively to meet all the wants of that age. In 1580, one Peter Morris, a Dutchman, supplied the science the times demanded; with the aptitude of his nation to deal with water problems, he saw that the swift river contained within itself the power to be its own carrier, and he obtained a right from the corporation to erect machinery for that purpose. There are thousands of men now living who remember these works; it is in fact only fifty-four years ago since their representatives were yet standing at old London Bridge. Huge water-wheels, worked by the tide, beneath the side arches, were employed as a motive power to force the water through wooden tubes underground to different parts of the city. We do not exactly know whether there was a "high service" in his day, but that he could give a considerable pressure to his water we know, from the fact, that he astonished the Lord Mayor and corporation by throwing a stream over the tower of St. Magnus church, on the occasion of the opening of his works. This scheme of Peter Morris constituted the premier water-works

of London. He delivered the water into the houses; the pitcher no longer went to the fountain; and a mighty amount of gossip was abolished at a stroke.

The growing requirements of the city, however, soon brought into the field a competitor to the Dutchman's scheme. In 1607, Sir Hugh Middleton proposed to bring the New River, which had its origin in the springs of Chadwell and Amwell in Hertfordshire, directly into London, a distance of forty-two miles, taking the windings of the river into account. This was really a great undertaking for the time; and no wonder that the capitalists of the day did not feel inclined to back its bold projector in his scheme; and had it not been for James the First, who went halves with his subject in the venture, most probably we never should have seen the pleasant river that now enlivens the neighborhood of Stoke Newington. This was an invasion of Morris's territory from the north that he and his successors could have little expected; nevertheless it was carried through with great energy, and on the twenty-ninth of September, 1613, this new source of supply entered the reservoir at Clerkenwell amidst great rejoicing. A print of the time represents the gay scene of the water bursting forth into the reservoir, around which the king and all his courtiers are assembled. The New River scheme, as far as engineering works were concerned, was a much more simple undertaking than that of Peter Morris. There was no forcing of the water upwards, which constitutes the very essence of modern water-works.

Upwards of a century and a half elapsed before the means were in existence to accomplish this on a large scale. The mighty motive power, which has since revolutionized our manufactures, was still in embryo, and it was not until Watt perfected it, in 1782, that our present water supply, with its miles of water-pipes ramifying in every direction underground, was forced by the great iron heart into our topmost stories, as the blood is forced into every portion of the human frame. As in all main points the hydraulic appliances of the eight water companies which supply the metropolis are alike, we shall not weary the reader by needless repetitions of these details. It will be interesting and important, however, to point out the sources from which we are supplied, with

what, by courtesy, we must call the "pure element," and the districts which the different companies serve. The New River Company, which has absorbed the London Bridge Water Company, still maintains its pre-eminence. It serves nearly the whole of the city, and the suburban districts of Islington, Highgate, Hornsey, Stoke Newington, and Hampstead, extends from St. Katherine's Dock to Northumberland House, and distribute daily upwards of thirty million gallons of water. This water is of a rather mixed quality, drawn as it is from various sources. The Chadwell springs still contribute, as of old, to the supply; and there are several artesian wells sunk at Cheshunt, Amwell, and Hampstead Heath, which give a cool water, but one impregnated with the various earthy deposits through which it percolates. The river Lea at Hertford affords the main source of the supply, and the New River is now used as a mere reservoir of subsidence in which the water is allowed to clear itself of all alluvial deposits before being passed through the filter-beds. The river—it may be called the Old River now—is not quite so picturesque as of old, many of the windings and turnings having been replaced by short cuts, which have reduced its length from forty-two to twenty-eight miles. It yet retains its pastoral character, grassy margin, and cool weeping willows, which tempt the patient angler to its banks, its eels, its reeds, and its simple look of nature, which is however quite out of keeping with the trim artificial ponds used for the same purpose by other companies; it may, however, be none the worse for that.

The West Middlesex, the Grand Junction, and the Southwark and Vauxhall Companies, obtain their supply from the Thames at Hampton. The pipes of the three companies have made a long arm, and dip their water from the comparatively pure stream flowing through the pleasant meadows of this part of the country. They come side by side as far as Twickenham, where the mains of the Grand Junction Company branch off to its pumping station at Kew; whilst the Southwark and Vauxhall, and West Middlesex mains cross under the Thames at Richmond, and finally separate at Mortlake,—the pipes of the former bearing to the left toward the works at Battersea, and those of the latter company running toward the

bend of the river at Barnes, supplying its reservoirs of subsidence and filter-beds there; again crossing under the river to the works at Hammersmith, whence the water is pumped to its reservoirs and mains for delivery. Of old the Grand Junction Company took its waters from the canal of that name; this source they changed, but not improved, in 1822, for the river Thames, placing their "intake" or supply-pipe in close proximity to the outfall of the Great Ranelagh Sewer. They were not particular in those days. The Vauxhall Company scarcely gathered from a purer source, as they went no higher than the Red House at Battersea, a part of the river saturated with sewage. The consequence of this carelessness we shall allude to hereafter. The West Middlesex Company mainly supplies the Hammersmith, Turnham Green, and Kensington districts in the south, and Portland Town and Regent's Park in the north, throwing out branches as far as Willesden and Hendon. This company supplies about 33,500 houses with 8,250,000 gallons daily.

The water territory of the Grand Junction Company wedges in between the northern and southern portions of that of the West Middlesex, and supplies Notting Hill, Tiburnia, and that aristocratic portion of town lying to the north of Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park, and sending a long offshoot to Brentford, Isleworth, and Twickenham. Although there are only nineteen thousand houses in its district, it consumes eight million gallons daily or only a quarter of a million less than the tenants of the West Middlesex Company, with pretty nearly double the number of houses, and we should say quadruple its number of inhabitants: so that the rich have an immense advantage over the poor in respect to the quantity of water supplied to them, when in reality they want it less.

The Southwark and Vauxhall Company supplies the district skirting the river from Putney to Vauxhall Bridge, and running as far south as Clapham; and another district far to the east, extending from London Bridge to Rotherhithe. This is a wide and poor district, covered with small houses, forty-five thousand of which it supplies with upwards of eleven thousand gallons daily. Between the east and west segments of its riverside population, the Lambeth Company intervenes; indeed, in many cases the mains

of the two companies intermingle. This company supplies one hundred and thirty-four thousand houses with seven million five hundred thousand gallons daily, drawn from the Thames at Thames Ditton. The Chelsea Company also draws its supply from the same source, the mains crossing over the Thames, at Putney, by means of an iron bridge. The pipes of this company supply Fulham and the whole of Chelsea, Pimlico, Belgravia, and extend north as far as Buckingham Palace and the Green Park.

The East London Company, one of the largest in the metropolis, draws its supplies from the river Lea above Tottenham, and serves the riverside district from St. Katherine's Dock to the shores opposite East Greenwich, including the Isle of Dogs, and running inland as far north as Stamford Hill, and serving Stratford-le-Bow, Bethnal Green, Bromley, and West Ham. This is perhaps the poorest district in the metropolis as regards its resident population. There are upwards of 80,500 houses and factories supplied from the mains of this company, and yet not more than 17,250,000 gallons are served daily to this district, of which a very large amount is consumed by the manufactories with which it abounds. We are afraid the little children in this company's territory get but short allowance. We can understand, from these shortcomings of an essential of health for young children, how it is the mortality among the poor is so great.

The Kent Water Company, which was established as long back as 1699, supplies Greenwich, Deptford, Woolwich, and Plumstead, and extends its mains inland as far as Lewisham. Until latterly it drew its supplies from the river Ravensbourne; but it now obtains them from artesian wells bored deeply into the chalk. This is a small company, working in a comparatively thinly-peopled district. Not more than thirty thousand and five hundred houses are supplied, and the quantity pumped daily is not more than six million gallons.

The old Hampstead Company, which dates from the time of Henry VIII., is now merged into the New River Company; so nothing further need be said about it.

Before the Metropolis Water Act, passed in 1852, came into operation, there used to be constant squabbling between the companies, and they invaded each other's territories

in the most reckless manner. The consequence was bad blood and a constant intestine warfare. The workmen sometimes would come across each other in the trenches they were digging to lay their mains, and fight with shovel and pick in the most desperate manner. The act of parliament, however, put a stop to this, by mapping out the district each company should work in; and now those territories are defined by certain high roads, which they never attempt to pass. Indeed, the former enmity is turned into too close a friendship; and the public, which formerly reaped the benefit of their competition, now find them a compact body, supporting each other and forming a power against which they find it futile to contend.

Having mapped out the whole of the metropolis into the eight districts which the different companies supply, we will refer to the manner in which the water is collected, purified, and distributed to the houses. It must be remembered, that, by the Metropolis Water Act, the whole water trade of the capital was revolutionized. London had grown mightily; it had thrown its arms out in every direction; crept up the valley of the Thames, and crowned the surrounding hills; but yet the water companies did not move further afield. The consequence was that the Thames and the other rivers that supplied the different companies had become polluted with sewage. Not only was a disinclination shown to move to purer sources of supply, but it was contended by their spokesman, Sir William Clay, in a vehement pamphlet, that better water could not be given than they were then serving. Whilst interested capitalists were thus attempting to demonstrate the thing that was not, and whilst the old sources of supply were still in full action, an experiment was being carried out during the cholera epidemic of 1853-4, which showed in the most conclusive manner, that the source from which some of the drinking water was obtained affected the death-rate in a most alarming degree. The South London area, which suffered so severely in this epidemic, was served by two water companies,—those of Lambeth, and Southwark and Vauxhall; the former company pumping from the Thames at the comparatively pure source, Thames Ditton, the latter from the foul source, the river opposite the Red House, Battersea. Twenty-five thousand houses were

supplied by the Lambeth Company, and forty thousand houses by the Vauxhall Company. Both were of a perfectly similar character; indeed in many cases the mains of one company ran along one side of the street, and the mains of the other on the opposite side. Here, then, was a means of judging of the action of two water services, differing considerably in purity, and supplied to no inconsiderable neighborhood, but to a fifth portion of the whole metropolis, under the peculiar circumstances of a severe epidemic, in which water was held by all medical authorities to play a very important part. The result, as worked out by a careful house-to-house inspection, under the eye of the Board of Health, was most decisive. The cholera deaths in the 24,854 houses containing a population of 166,906 persons in the district supplied by the Lambeth Company, supplying from a comparatively pure source, were 611: being at the rate of 37 to every 10,000 living; whilst in the 40,726 houses supplied by the Vauxhall Company, containing a population of 268,171 persons, there occurred 3476 deaths, being at the rate of 130 to every 10,000 living; or, in the words of the officer of health's (Mr. Simon's) report, "The population drinking dirty water accordingly appears to have suffered three-and-a-half times as much mortality as the population drinking the other water." This crucial test silenced the advocates of the old sources of supply as all-sufficient, and it also showed the necessity of a strict supervision over companies which held in their hands the keys of life and death, and were inclined to use the latter in order to save their pockets.

The Act of 1852 did two things for the public: it sent all the water companies drawing from the Thames above Teddington Lock, and other companies, using other rivers, higher up to purer sources of supply; and it forced all of them to filter their water. Before this act was passed, not half of the drinking water of the metropolis was filtered. Five out of the eight companies, including the two largest, never thought it necessary to clear the water they served of more than the heavy particles it held in suspension. Parliament, however, saw the necessity for something more than this; and now all the water used for household purposes is filtered. The process of purification and filtration used by all the companies is pretty similar. The

water runs directly into the reservoirs of subsidence, where it is allowed to remain a longer or shorter time, according to its condition of turbidity when gathered. When all the alluvial or heavy particles in suspension are thrown down, it is pumped into the filter-beds. These beds are made of layers of sand, ranging from three to five feet in thickness. Thames and Harwick sand, with fine and coarse gravel, are generally employed. The value of filtering is easily estimated, by comparing a glass of water drawn from the reservoir of subsidence with one drawn from the filter-bed. The filter-beds not only act mechanically by straining the water of all matters held in suspension, but also chemically, by oxygenating, and therefore burning up, all matters the oxygen can act upon. It also aerates to a certain extent, the amount of oxygen that adheres to particles of sand and gravel being very great.

In the years 1851-56 a series of chemical experiments of the water supplied by the different companies during the two periods was made by the Board of Health, and the result of the changes of source and of the use of the beds was, that in the latter year one half of the organic matter it had previously contained had disappeared: a very admirable example of abolishing adulterations by act of parliament, and it would be well for us if we could control our solids as effectually by a similar enactment. When the water is purified, it has to be pumped to the reservoirs of supply, and to the mains direct. Any one conversant with the suburbs of London must have observed that the reservoirs of subsidence and filtration are mostly situated at the old pumping stations of the different companies, some miles nearer town than the sources from which they obtain their present supply; thus their works are situated midway between the consumers and the intake. The traveller by suburban railways must have observed those reservoirs, some of them covering many acres; and all of them put together would form a lake of two hundred acres in extent.

The filtered water has now again to be pumped to the reservoirs, from which it has to be distributed by gravitation or otherwise. The different companies have seized upon all the high ground about the metropolis for the purpose of these reservoirs. Whenever, good reader, you see a high hill, be sure there you

will find one of those deep cups, from which the metropolis daily drinks. If we stroll over Campden Hill, Kensington, for example, at its highest point, we find the ground occupied by the water farms of the West Middlesex and Grand Junction Companies. These reservoirs being within five miles of St. Paul's, according to the act of parliament, are covered in to preserve them from the smoke and foul drippings of the London air. The arched brick coverings are hollow, so as to allow a free current of air to pass through them; the Grand Junction reservoir is sown with grass, and, being in gentle ridges, at this time of the year has all the appearance of a stubble field. Covering in the reservoirs not only keeps out dirt, but it prevents vegetable growths from fouling the water. Not many years ago there used to be an open supply reservoir at the corner of the Green Park, near Piccadilly, and another round one in Hyde Park, since turned into a garden; these were generally covered with scum and filth. The fastidious ladies in the neighborhood, possibly, would not have touched water, had they known they were drawing it from such a puddle.

To return, however, to these Campden Hill reservoirs. The customers of the West Middlesex Company in its immediate neighborhood are supplied by the reservoir by simple gravitation; all higher points—and they supply even the tall residential tower on the crest of the hill—are supplied by the direct force of the mains pumped from Hammersmith, as they have no engines at work here. It is different with the adjacent works of the Grand Junction Company. They also supply as much of their high service as their reservoir will reach, but the high ground on Notting Hill is met by their pumping engine. The tall tower, which commands the whole landscape around, contains what are termed "stand-pipes,"—huge pipes, in the form of long-legged tuning-forks placed on end. Up these pipes the water is forced by the powerful steam-engine on the premises. There are two of these stand-pipes: one 90 feet high, the other 150 feet. The lower one supplies the medium high service, and the higher one forces water 250 feet above Trinity high-water mark. The still higher district of the West Middlesex Company above Primrose Hill is supplied by pumping engines, forcing from the reservoir at Barrow-

hill, as far as Hendon. All the companies supply their high service after the manner of these two, either by directly forcing the water from the low level through the mains to the high reservoirs, or by forcing it to a high level through stand-pipes. We never go through the narrow passage on Campden Hill, dividing these two great reservoirs, and listen to the measured beat of the great steam-engine, which goes night and day without ceasing—like the human heart,—without thinking of the labor it is saving the thousands of domestics of the neighborhood in conveying the daily water supply to the topmost stories of the houses. The New River Company forces its water at Hampstead as high as the cross of St. Paul's.

There are many other of the high service stand-pipes hidden, like those at Campden Hill, by architectural structures of striking appearance, such, for instance, as that in the Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, belonging to the New River Company, which takes the form of a feudal Scotch castle of grand proportions, and grimly frowns over the landscape around like a veritable stronghold, instead of being a case for hiding steam-engines and ugly iron pipes. On the other hand, the stand-pipe of the Lambeth Company stands out in all its nakedness, like a Brobdignagian wind instrument placed mouth downwards to drain.

Of the heart and arteries and small capillary vessels,—the pumping engines, the great iron mains, and the house-service pipes of lead and iron,—which constitute the distributing machinery of the different companies, we have now to speak. Cut across any thoroughfare you like, and you are sure to lay bare one or more of those great vessels which circulate the living waters to every household, and in many cases to every floor in London. As in the human body, so in the fabric of underground London, we find great ducts which supply and nourish the population.

We have said that three of the great water companies extend their suction-pipes of supply—their chyle ducts,—to follow out our anatomical similitude—as far as Hampton. Miles and miles into the country we may see the great mains, a yard in diameter, dipping under the Thames, crossing deep ditches, and passing along the fields and furzy commons, at certain points intercommunicating with

each other, in case either may require temporary help. The far-off source is little dreamed of by the thirsty soul, who quaffs from the drinking-fountain in the crowded street. He little fancies that, like the loungers he watches at Verey's, sucking his sherry-cobbler along a straw, that he, too, is sucking at the stream through ten miles of iron pipe, the end of which dips into the Thames close to Wolsey's pleasant palace. The great mains of all the companies are thirty-six inches in diameter, and it must be remembered they are free and fully charged at all times, so that, in case of fire, the fireman has only to turn the plug to get any quantity of water he requires. In some cases,—such as at the great fire in Tooley Street,—thousands of tons of water are thus abstracted gratuitously without interfering with the supply to the houses. At the beginning of the present century, the mains, indeed all the pipes, were wooden,—the trunks of trees bored out,—and in no case of more than one foot in diameter. How the metropolitan giant must have grown, the size of his present iron arteries is a proof. The mains of the eight water companies not only supply London proper, but push out far into the country, invading even the agricultural districts, and supplying its farms. They distribute in the aggregate upwards of one hundred millions of gallons daily, through three thousand and odd miles of mains, and supply three hundred and seventy-five thousand houses and factories, through capillary pipes upwards of seven thousand miles in length. If all the water daily used in this great city were collected in one great reservoir, it would cover seventy acres in extent, and six feet in depth. As the spectator watched this great expanse of water, he would see it hour by hour drained to the bottom by the collective millions in the metropolis as calmly and noiselessly as a cup is drained by a dusty roadside traveller.

The collective iron heart—the steam-engines which propel this flood—possesses a force of not less than nine thousand horses. The pressure through the mains is so great that at times they are ruptured, and the escaping water tears up the roadway with the force of a mine exploding, and mounting at least sixty feet in the air. From the mains, smaller pipes are given off, which communicate with the leaden pipes which come into the houses. At a certain hour these capillaries

discharge themselves into the high-service cisterns with a rush which testifies to the force with which the water is pumped by the engines; at another hour the lower cisterns are supplied. A long battle has been fought, respecting this intermitting supply, between the companies and the Board of Health. The latter are anxious that a constant supply should be introduced; in other words, that every household should be able to draw off water direct from the main when required. Indeed, provisions under certain regulations were made for the introduction of the constant service in the act of 1852; but they have never been put in force. The companies object that the waste of water would be so tremendous, in consequence of imperfect taps in the poorer houses, that it is impossible to give a constant supply. The intermitting supply, on the other hand, is a source of great expense in the mere matter of supply cisterns, and, moreover, it gives rise to the chance of lead poisoning,—a disease which often prostrates a family, especially its younger members, without any discernible cause, until the wrists become paralyzed, and the doctor suspects the leaden cisterns. In many cases an iron nail driven into its leaden lining, or inferior solder in contact with it, will set up galvanic action, which slowly dissolves the metal. This danger is avoided by the use of slate or galvanized iron cisterns; but all the plumbers are in league against their introduction.

There is one very legitimate complaint against all the water companies, and that is the very limited time they allow the water to be turned on. This time varies from a quarter of an hour to an hour. The latter is by far too short a period to fill the water-butts generally in use, in the habitations of the poor; and where cisterns are in use, they are placed in such confined rooms or passages as to render the water totally unfit for drinking purposes. Water, it must be remembered, has a great capacity for absorbing deleterious gases: one hundred pints of water will absorb twelve and a half pints of carburetted hydrogen or common coal gas, and, what is worse still, its own bulk of sulphuretted hydrogen or drain gas! Those who know the vitiated condition of the ventilation; and of the sewers in small houses, will see the vast importance of this fact as regards the health of the poor. Their water supply, on the

present intermittent system, stored, as it generally is, in close passages, and even in the living rooms, must be more or less poisoned. It is nothing less than a drain-gas trap set up on the most cunning principles possible to catch the poisonous air. This is one of the greatest objections to the intermittent water supply we know of; but there is still another scarcely less important: we allude to the omission of all water supply on the Sunday. The companies excuse themselves for the omission by pleading the necessity of giving their servants rest on the Sabbath. This is all very proper; but surely the water might be turned on late on Saturday night. If "cleanliness is next to godliness," surely the companies are doing a very wrong thing in denying to the poor man the use of water on the only day he has time thoroughly to wash himself.

The development of the various water companies must lead, from time to time, to great changes in their machinery and arrangements. In the six years from 1850 to 1856, when the new sources of supply came into operation, the water supply of the metropolis nearly doubled,—the gross daily quantity used in the former year having been 44,383,332 gallons, and in the latter year upwards of 81,000,000 gallons. The eight years that have since elapsed have shown no such enormous augmentation, but at the present moment upwards of 95,000,000 gallons are daily supplied; and year by year those companies whose territories have a free, expanding margin toward the country are darting out their mains in all directions.

In looking at the Metropolitan Water Companies' Map, it is curious to note how its circulating system is stealing along the great highways traversed by their mains. It would seem as though these great arteries, when they shoot out into the open country toward their sources of supply, immediately have the effect of gathering a population on either side of them, organizing a system of houses, and extending the town-life,—just as when an artery is seen in embryotic life to organize the hitherto inanimate mass in its neighborhood.

As the heart of the metropolis becomes deserted as a place of residence, and the tide of life is pulsated by rail and steamboat and omnibus nocturnally to its outskirts, the invasion of the country by the water compa-

nies will go on increasing; and with increased trade we may hope for increased purity and cheapness of the water supply. At the present moment the water supplied is adulterated with a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, which gives it much hardness,—a quality undesirable for manufacturing purposes, and also for domestic use. It has been asserted by an able writer in the *Quarterly Review* that if we possessed such pure water as that supplied to Glasgow from the Highland lakes, London would save annually not less than £250,000, in the items of soda and soap now needlessly wasted in consequence of the hardness of our water. As drinking-water, moreover, it may be materially improved. Greater purity has indeed been enforced by the Legislature, but more still can be done. The notorious fact that the public prefer the water from the few famous pumps yet remaining to the town, should be a warning to the companies that they have a higher standard of excellence to attain to than they have yet reached. The famous Aldgate Pump was known to derive its cool, sparkling water from the admixture of the nitrates drained from the decaying humanity in the adjacent churchyard. Yet its water was much prized. The Piccadilly Pump and the Burlington Gardens Pump are looked upon as precious by the neighboring inhabitants. A draught from the next drinking-fountain supplied by the companies' water, and a draught from either of the pumps we have mentioned, at once shows the superiority of the latter as a drinking-water. And what is the reason? Not that the pump-water is more pure,—the contrary is the fact,—but that it possesses coolness and aeration, qualities in which the water companies' water is lamentably deficient. We do not despair of seeing the day when the companies will be forced to aerate their water, as they are now forced to filter it, and to cool it also, by storing it in deep underground receptacles instead of in reservoirs exposed to the full heat of the sun, from which it is protected by brick arches only. Water at sixty degrees in the summer is certainly not delectable, and as long as it reaches this temperature, well-water with all its impurities will be preferred.

We by no means wish to prolong the existence of the public pumps that have been declared to be impregnated with faecal matter

which has filtered through the surrounding soil; indeed, the testimony of the city officer of health, that, of the thirty-six pumps in the city, hardly one supplies a drinkable water, is conclusive on that point. But we must remind our reader that the use of the word "drinkable" is here meant for healthful,—that many, even of the city pumps, supply water that is very palatable, although impure, is notorious, and it is all the more dangerous on that account. When some few years since all the city, and indeed most of the metropolitan, pumps were denounced by the health officers, and in many cases were closed, the poor wayfarer was much in the position of the ancient mariner, who might have exclaimed as he read on the walls the locality of the fire-plugs, and saw the great pipes ramifying beneath his feet wherever the ground was opened,—

"Water, water, everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!"

Here was a measure which operated directly against the temperance movement. If a man was thirsty, he was forced to go into the next public-house; for the public pump was denounced as poisonous. This anomalous condition of things, however, soon wrought its own cure. The drinking fountain movement, initiated by a few benevolent individuals, furnished many of our great thoroughfares with elegant drinking fountains. Some of these—for want of care and attention—have fallen into decay; and that most painful of all material sights—a fountain dry—now and then meets the public gaze. This fact, and also the more important one, that the water supply for the passenger traffic of a vast city could not be sufficiently met by the desultory efforts of individuals, led to the organization of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association, which has taken upon itself the task of furnishing London with a sufficient number of these life-giving streams; and they now propose to take into their care those that have fallen into neglect.

The company has already erected upwards of eighty drinking fountains, all more or less artistic in character, in the principal thoroughfares. That the public appreciate them may be gathered from the fact that a quarter of a million of people daily drink from them in the summer, and no less than eight thousand persons were counted drinking at one particular fountain in a single day. Many of these

wayside fountains, placed to welcome and restore the exhausted traveller, are engraved with some well-chosen sacred words of comfort and hope; where the wayworn man may perchance drink in, also, of the living waters of life,—“a word spoken in due season how good is it.”

And these fountains are not appropriated to man alone: in most there is a dog-trough, and in some a separate arrangement for supplying horses and cattle. There is a universal humanity in this arrangement, which must address itself to the best feelings of our nature.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best
Both man, and beast, and bird.”

And be sure the great Giver will not forget those who offer a draught of water even to the meanest beast of the field.

Whilst the legislature has forced all the water companies supplying themselves from the Thames higher up the stream, it has not anticipated an evil which is slowly assuming very large proportions. The towns on the banks of the Thames, far above the highest sources from which any of the companies now obtain their supplies, have obtained acts of parliament to drain directly into the river. Bramah, when he invented the water-closet, little thought that he was transferring the sewage, by means of the new vehicle, from one household to that of another's water-tank lower down the stream. But this really is the case; and as the towns increase along the banks of the Thames, we shall find that instead of going up stream to get nearer the pure element, we are only meeting town refuse half way.

Unless the legislature interferes to prevent these towns, fast increasing in size and population, from pouring their refuse sewage poison into our drinking water, by forcing them to utilize it on the land where Nature intended it should go, the public will be obliged to demand that our sources of supply be changed absolutely to the pure gathering ground which the Board of Health has so long suggested. Next to the granite rock reservoir of Loch Katrine, which supplies, perhaps, the purest water in the world to Glasgow, the water from the gathering grounds supplying the town of Farnham in Surrey is the most free from any kind of adulteration. These gathering grounds, which lie on the hill side near the town, are composed of layers of siliceous sand covered with heath.

These receive the rainfall, and form, in fact, gigantic filter-beds, which free the comparatively pure rain-water from any little impurity it may have contracted. The water is gathered in ordinary drain-pipes, a few feet below the soil, and from these pipes it flows into deep storage tanks which provide against a season of drought. These drainage pipes spread out in every direction like the roots of a tree, and collect from every particle of the large area of heath; these ramifying gathering ducts form the scientific parallel and corollary of the ducts of delivery which spread the water at present into every house in the metropolis. These gathering grounds are no mere matter of theory, as many towns in the North, besides Farnham, have depended upon the supply they afford. If it is asked where are such gathering grounds to be found near London, any traveller by the South-Western Railway will answer, The long tract of moorland which stretches north and south from Bagshot to Haslemere, and east and west from Farnham to Woking,—a tract covering an area of at present nearly valueless heath, of not less than one hundred square miles,—a gathering ground sufficient, with proper storage reservoirs, to supply the metropolis to the end of time with a water not less pure than that of the celebrated Bala Lake in North Wales. It is well to know that if chartered water companies fail, there is abundance of water, of a far purer quality than it is possible for them to supply, which only awaits the hand of the hydraulic engineer to issue forth into our houses from the apparently dry and thirsty desert at our doors.

ANDREW WYNTER.

From The Saturday Review.

FRENCHWOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

It would be hard to find a better subject for an entertaining and useful book than an account of the women who made themselves conspicuous in French society from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century. These famous women are interesting historically, as having been closely connected with men and with events that have paved the way for some of the most important ideas and some of the most remarkable achievements.

* "Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century. By Julia Kavanagh. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

ments of our own times. They are interesting philosophically, as furnishing ample and curious illustrations of that Condition-of-Women question which is daily attracting more and more attention both among mere sentimentalists and genuine thinkers. And to people who are equally indifferent to the historical relation between the characteristics of various periods and to all discussions upon the organization and arrangements of society, they are interesting, because their lives make up an unparalleled chronicle of wit, audacity, piquant scandals, and romance. The materials are as abundant as the subject is attractive; for the memoirs of the eighteenth century are all but inexhaustible. Noblemen of the court, philosophers, footmen, profligate *vauriens*, actresses, *femmes-de-chambre* have all vied with one another in the copiousness of their details, and the reckless candor of their disclosures. We look in vain elsewhere for so marvellous a development of the autobiographic spirit, whether it take the form of letters, journals, confessions, or professed history. Even John Foster, who wished "there were some public special mark and brand of emphatic reprobation for these exhibitors of their own disgrace," admits that "great service may be rendered by the publication of private memoirs written by persons connected or acquainted with those of the highest order;" and, as it happens, all the most valuable French memoirs are of this kind. But the historian goes a step further than the evangelical moralist, and recognizes the service which may be rendered in a greater or less degree by anybody who has kept a tolerably faithful chronicle of a life actively passed in the midst of society. Miss Kavanagh deserves some credit for hitting upon the subject, and she has unquestionably compiled her book with a highly respectable amount of industry. No name of any note has been omitted, and most of the good authorities appear to have been consulted. But the writer makes a fatal mistake in fancying that it is enough merely to print the names of her authorities in alphabetical order along with the table of contents, without appending a single reference to them in the text. It is all very well to say she has consulted about eighty or ninety authors; but we should like to see, by chapter and verse, that she has derived definite information from them; and we should like to know, moreover, how far

her estimate of their comparative worth coincides with our own. It is absurd, too, to place in one list, as if they were all the same, Rousseau and Grimm and Saint-Simon and Marmontel, together with Lord Brougham and Professor Smythe and Mr. Smith, author of "Mirabeau, a Life History." How can Saint-Simon and Mr. Smith be styled authorities in the same sense of the word? Second-rate writers are getting into a habit of parading a long list of "authors consulted," in the hope, we suppose, of acquiring the highest reputation for learning at the lowest possible cost. Why, a dozen references are worth a dozen pages of such lists. And a graver mistake than omitting to refer to authorities is omitting to digest them. We are anxious to give Miss Kavanagh full credit for diligence, and we may admit that the state of France in the eighteenth century was not so simple or so fixed as to be either readily grasped in a single conception or easily reproduced in a single volume. But here we have scarcely any attempt to bring out one feature or one personage of the time in more striking colors than another. Women of very secondary importance occupy as much space, and are talked about just in the same way, as those of the most remarkable preëminence. Surely, it would have been better to select some half-dozen of the greatest among them, and then to group the lesser lights around them. At all events, the method of taking every name in order, and treating the person to whom it belonged as much by herself as possible, is about the worst that could have been adopted. This artificial isolation did not exist in life, and in a book it inevitably tends to destroy anything like a general view. If Miss Kavanagh had taken as much pains to digest her design as she has done to gain the materials for carrying it out, the reader would have escaped a great deal of vexatious iteration, and would have acquired a much more substantial notion of what Frenchwomen in the eighteenth century were like. As it is, most readers who were not familiar with the subject before will leave off with a confused lot of names in their minds, and the vaguest possible idea in what respects women in France a hundred years ago resembled or differed from their great-grandchildren, or from Englishwomen of the same time. The authoress does not seem to have met with one book upon her subject

which might have suggested all this to her, although, as it was reprinted some eighteen years ago, it is now accessible enough; we mean Miss Berry's "Comparative View of Social Life in England and France." Miss Berry—who also edited the letters of Horace Walpole, and wrote a life of Madame du Deffand,—had a wide acquaintance with French society, history, and literature, and her book, while full of pleasant gossip, is marked by a power of ingenious generalization in which Miss Kavanagh is fatally wanting. Miss Kavanagh writes about the eighteenth century as a thoroughly respectable English lady who had passed all her days in a country town might be expected to write. She talks of Madame du Chatelet and Pompadour and Mailly as if they were dreadfully shocking women only to be spoken of in an undertone, and regards most of her other heroines from the same domestic point of view. This spirit is very nice over tea and bread and butter, but ought to be replaced by a wider and more practical view of life when people write books on wide subjects. Miss Berry was a jovial old pagan, and even got so far away from British traditions as to avow her opinion that the freedom of life and conversation conceded to women by the organization of the *salon* was far preferable to English restraint and prudery. The Frenchwoman, she maintained, listens to the talk of men of wit, learning, and genius; no social trammels prevent her from talking with them if she has anything worth saying, and the knowledge of this incites her to fit herself for such companionship by study and reflection. Frenchwomen thus learn to take an enlightened interest in every topic which interests men, and the result is, that they become "intelligent social beings." Englishwomen, on the other hand, in spite of their greater freedom of choice in marriage, and the various other advantages which they possess to start with, degenerate into mere "gossiping housewives." As a matter of fact, this is rather too widely stated. Even in the most brilliant period of French society, we suspect that the number of women who were capable of taking part in discussions where wit and learning were called for was very small, and that their position was markedly exceptional. Out of Paris, and out of a comparatively narrow circle even there, women led as humdrum lives, and were as far removed from intelligent social beings as

the gossiping housewives of England. It is as unreasonable to imagine that all Frenchwomen talked and read like Madam de Tencin or Madam du Chatelet, as it would be to suppose that men in England in the eighteenth century all talked like Dr. Johnson.

But it must be granted that women have never openly occupied a position of such substantial influence and power in England as was held by perhaps half a dozen of the heroines of Miss Kavanagh's book. Madam Pompadour, Madam Roland, Madam de Staël, though at different times and by different means, all exercised this power in the widest and most direct way. The rest acted upon the world infinitely less extensively, and always indirectly, but in a fashion utterly foreign to the usage of English society. Madam de Staël noticed that in England it is not until the ladies have withdrawn that conversation becomes animated, and that the mistress of the house seems to have no proper notions about her duty of leading the conversation. Women like Madam du Deffand or Madam Geoffrin were a kind of power in the eighteenth century, because they were thoroughly unlike Englishwomen in this respect. D'Holbach was called the *maître d'hôtel* of philosophy, because he gave capital suppers, of which the philosophers were very happy to partake; and much in the same way, the ladies who presided over the most famous *salons* influenced thought by providing pleasant dinners for the thinkers. They had, however, not merely to supply food for thought in this solid sense, but to season it with the peculiar wit and intellectual sparkle in which a Frenchwoman seldom fails, and only exceptional Englishwomen succeed. The vulgar conception of a *salon* is, we believe, that it resembled a London rout, or perhaps a *conversazione* at South Kensington. Even Miss Kavanagh, who does not fall into this error, does something to strengthen it by frequently using *saloon* as a translation of *salon*. "Parlor" would be nearer the mark. In fact, the perfection of social intercourse, which is no more found in a rout than it is in a gallery of a theatre or among the crowd at a prize-fight, seems to have been secured by the *salons*. The party was small, and carefully chosen; nobody was oppressively superior to everybody else; and the conversation was guided and moderated by a woman of tact and cultivation. Marmontel, whose memoirs are as

natural and as entertaining as De Foe, suggests that societies of this sort are not without their less agreeable aspects. In a passage which Miss Kavanagh has quoted (she would have done well to use Marmontel still more freely) he gives a very lively description of a party at Madam de Tencin's. He complains that every guest came there ready to act his part, and that the anxiety for display prevented the conversation from following an easy course. This is probably an inseparable feature of every society made up of clever men, and it would be aggravated by the presence of women whose admiration was only to be won by shining in conversation, and by whom the tenderest rewards were habitually bestowed as a token of their admiration. The real secret of the success of the *salons* seems to be that they were the only places in which wits and philosophers could meet regularly without provoking the interference of the Government. A club was founded in 1724 for the purpose of discussing literary and social topics, and, from holding its meetings in the *entresol* of Hénault's house, was known as the Club de l'Entresol. But Fleury eventually suppressed it, and no attempt was ever again made to form a similar union before the Revolution. The houses of women who were hospitable, who liked the society of wits and philosophers, and did not object to a certain freedom of conversation, were found to be safe and agreeable centres for writers and thinkers, whose ideas gradually spread from these select coteries into the streets and the abodes of the multitude. Women took an equal part in the conversation because they had equal political rights with men,—that is to say, neither of them had any political rights at all. Where men enjoy political privileges which women do not, the latter will naturally have less interest and less weight in the discussion both of political matters and of every other serious subject; and it is worth noticing that the only period when men and women met to any considerable extent on the same intellectual level was a time when the former stood on no political vantage ground. Mr. Mill will find in this an argument for that enfranchisement of women which he considers as so urgently demanded alike by justice and policy. It is fair to add, however, that this was a time also when what constitutes the English notion of domestic morality was most systematically

outraged. After the Revolution, and when men had secured a certain measure of freedom, women recovered their virtue and lost their influence. Olympe de Gouges—whom, by the way, Miss Kavanagh dismisses too summarily—said very pithily, in one of her tremendous declamations about the rights of her sex, “*Le Gouvernement Français a dépendu pendant des siècles de l’administration nocturne des femmes; le cabinet n’avait point de secret pour leur indiscretion; ambassade, commandement, ministère, présidence, pontificat, cardinalat, enfin tout ce qui caractérise la sottise des hommes, profane et sacré, tout a été soumis à la cupidité et à l’ambition de ce sexe autrefois méprisable et respecté, et depuis la révolution respectable et méprise.*” There is this, however, to be said for the profligacy of women in the Parisian society of a part of the eighteenth century,—first, that they never talked about it; and, secondly, that though unfaithful to their husbands, they were generally very constant to their lovers. Rousseau’s passion for the Countess d’Houdetot—the only woman he ever loved, according to his own account—furnishes an instance of their irregular fidelity. The “*parfaite Julie*” was quite indifferent to M. d’Houdetot, but was so ardently attached to Saint-Lambert that all Rousseau’s eloquent and impassioned assaults upon what was left of her conjugal virtue were in vain. Everybody knows the lines in *Childe* “*Harold*” about—

“The memorable kiss

Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet.”

Madam d’Houdetot was marked with the small-pox and squinted; and Miss Berry, who saw her when very old, says she was “the plainest old woman imaginable,” and that she left the party very early in order to attend Saint-Lambert, then on his death-bed. Saint-Lambert inspired an attachment in another still more famous woman; but Madam du Chatelet is a less favorable example of constancy than Rousseau’s idol. The frankness with which she explained to Voltaire why she required another lover is one of the funniest things in the chronicles of philosophic amours. Her requirements, unfortunately, cost her very dear; and Voltaire’s angry remonstrance, on her death, at the shameful indiscretion of his rival is well known. More ludicrous than the scene be-

tween Voltaire and Saint-Lambert is the notion of Saint-Lambert and M. d’Houdetot becoming horribly jealous of one another in their old age, and making Madam d’Houdetot extremely uncomfortable about it. Saint-Lambert ought to have acquired fame by supplanting one of the two great philosophers of the century, and anticipating the other, in the hearts of their mistresses. In connection with Madam du Chatelet, Miss Kavanagh ought to have made some use of Longchamps’s “*Memoirs of Voltaire.*” Longchamps was Madam du Chatelet’s footman, and some of his facts are exceedingly curious and instructive. According to him, her indelicacy—and it was probably not more gross than that of other ladies of rank—was so stupendous as to appear to us almost incredible. It was an ordinary thing for her men-servants to attend upon her in the bath, and in fact, says the philosophic valet, she looked upon us as belonging to a different species altogether.

The death of Louis XV. and accession of Marie Antoinette wrought a great change in the habits of French society, and both the indelicacy and the open profligacy disappeared, or were decently veiled, under the scarcely less offensive *sensiblerie*. This hypocritical profession of enthusiasm for nature and simplicity and pastoral virtues, resulted in all sorts of nauseous follies. Prizes were given to exemplary virgins, good boys and girls, good mothers. There was the Fête des Bonnes Gens and the Fête des Bonnes Mœurs. Louis and Marie Antoinette lounged about Trianon in straw hats, and ate their food in the open air, and tried to fancy themselves Arcadian peasants. Authors filled their pages with windy apostrophes to Goodness and Virtue and Humanity. But all this could do nothing to repair the broken finances, or relieve the public burdens, or make the masses of the people content with the monstrous inequality of their lot; and *sensiblerie* was followed by an ever-memorable reign of dissimulation and weakness and violence and universal madness. The story of the Revolution is, perhaps, the best part of Miss Kavanagh’s book. Charlotte Corday and Madam Roland and Madam de Staël are more congenial themes than Du Barry and Pompadour, and the writer has taken the trouble to acquire some of the newest views about the principal characters of the epoch. She does not, for ex-

ample, content herself with the ordinary notion about Robespierre, but has honestly tried to understand the better side of his character, though we confess the attempts to vindicate his name from all the atrocities with which it is popularly associated always reminds us of De Quincey's ingenious "rehabilitation" of Judas Iscariot. Miss Kavanagh adopts the common sentimental view of the queen; that is, she thinks her worst fault was imprudence, and that the anguish of her last days ought to make us forget the follies of her prosperity. This is exactly what people used to say about Charles I. until Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle established a sounder doctrine. Charles I. and Marie Antoinette had many traits in common, and amongst them were profound dissimulation and impotent vindictiveness. Mirabeau, after his remarkable interview with her, exclaimed, "She is the only man of the family," and it is to her that history will attribute the perverse and ruinous policy of which her husband was nominally the author. Still, dignity of conduct under the most agonizing circumstances, a gracious and queenly presence, power of uttering melodramatic speeches, and a terrible death, are claims to respect and admiration which it must always be very difficult for female writers to refuse.

Miss Kavanagh dismisses the men of the century somewhat curtly. Jean Baptiste Rousseau is darkly alluded to as "the guilty but unhappy poet," while Condorcet is coolly dispatched as the husband of Madame Condorcet, and "a person of some scientific eminence." We had scarcely a right to expect, from the title of the book, any profound account of the progress of thought in France in the eighteenth century; but it would have been easy for the writer to get a general acquaintance with the nature of the remarkable lines of intellectual movement which began with Voltaire and ended with the Napoleonic despotism. It is time that the old notion about the French Revolution being the consequence of the materialist books of Helvetius, D'Holbach, and La Mettrie should cease to be held by anybody professing to write on

France in the eighteenth century. What a misconception is involved in the common phrase, "the French eighteenth-century philosophy,"—as if it were some compact and uniform system of thought, based on the same conceptions, and tending to the same development! Miss Kavanagh is evidently aware that she knows nothing of the differences between the schools of Voltaire, who was a destructive deist, and Diderot, who was a destructive atheist, and Jean Jacques, who was both deist and constructive; and she would probably admit that she has derived all her ideas on the subject from a sort of literary hearsay. This being the case, nothing can be more mischievous to the interests of truth and right knowledge than her virtuous vituperation of the formidable array of intellectual "license," and "the blight which had fallen on the human mind, and which will make the eighteenth century appear forever as a wide and fearful gulf between the present and the future of France." The charge of intellectual license here means no more than that some of the writers referred to inquired freely and unrestrainedly into subjects which Miss Kavanagh thinks people have no business to inquire into. It is really an abuse of the power of print to go on repeating old cries without independent inquiry into their justice. Burke very unworthily fancied he was adducing an argument which went to the root of the matter when he asked about the philosophic party, "It is not composed of those men with you, is it, whom the vulgar, in their blunt, homely style, commonly call atheists and infidels?" As for that the vulgar have a blunt, homely habit of calling most people who are not quite persuaded of every jot and tittle of what they themselves believe, both atheists and deists. It is the business of those who, like Miss Kavanagh, have culture enough to write a respectable book, to teach them better intellectual habits, and to enforce a sounder view than is implied in bewailing inquiries into the origin of received truths as deplorable examples of intellectual license.

A PRUSSIAN artillery officer in the service of the United States, Captain Dilger,—familiarily called "Leatherbreeches," from the material of which his trousers are composed,—and who has recently been fighting under General Sherman in the Georgia campaign, has attained so great

a notoriety for taking his guns close up to the lines of the enemy, that the humorous Yankees recently presented him with a set of bayonets for his cannon,—a delicate compliment under cover of a good joke.

THE DAILY AND PERIODICAL PRESS OF ENGLAND.—Many of our readers will be much surprised by the following statistics of the intellectual activity of the English people:—

The edition of the London journals amounts to 248,000 copies daily. The total sale of copies of weekly journals amounts to 2,263,200, of which number 1,149,000 copies are issued by newspapers partly political, partly literary. 510,400 copies thereof are purely political; 252,500 are issued as sporting sheets; 47,000 copies are devoted to agriculture; 44,050 copies are devoted to architectural and polytechnic arts; 40,750 copies are issued by periodicals devoted to general literature; 15,300 copies are issued by periodicals exclusively devoted to medicine, chemistry, pharmacy, etc; 12,000 copies devoted to law; 8,500 to music; and 183,700 to theology.

The statistics of magazine literature, inclusive of "Reviews," weekly, monthly, and quarterly, show still more astounding results, they having been quadrupled within five years.

LORD BROUGHAM is not a common man. Owing to universal belief in his death by accident some thirty years ago he was permitted the singular privilege, seldom conceded to mortal men, of reading the opinions of his contemporaries regarding himself, written with all the impartiality of review arising from the supposition of his decease. Having seen himself thus reflected in the verdict of popular and national opinion, he must have learned from this dissection of his political and professional life many lessons of wisdom and instruction, and must have seen what it behooved him as a wise man either to correct or strengthen in his conduct and character. A generation has passed away since this curious and unexampled coincidence occurred, and, from whatever cause, the Lord Brougham of the present day is a very different man from the Lord Chancellor Brougham of the Administration of Earl Grey.

"Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo
Heetore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,
Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes!"

It may be that the times have changed; that political parties are more reconciled; that the fervor of manhood has lessened with the snows of age. Whatever the cause, the fact remains. Few would recognize in the calm temperate President of the Social Science Congress the fiery energy of Henry Brougham, the impetuous reformer, the scourge of the aristocracy, the *bête noir* of the rich prebendaries of Durham, the denouncer of the slave-trade, the bold impugner of established authority and of ancient institutions. Yet the ultimate verdict of an approving posterity will take more account of these later labors of practical usefulness than of triumphs gained in political conflicts, or in the successful issue of ministerial complications. Lord Brougham will be best remembered as a social reformer. For the fifth year in succession he occupies the presidential chair of an association for internal domicili-

ary reform, owing its origin and establishment to himself. Though he has passed the rubicon of threescore years and ten, yet is his mental activity in no way diminished or abated. His inaugural address surveyed the whole circle of arts, sciences, education, politics, and jurisprudence. Nothing was too insignificant to escape his notice. He gave a *resume* of the existing state of the progress of law reform, of criminal statistics, of educational theories, of social wants and improvements, of physical discoveries, and included within the limits of his remarks a caution against the sceptical delusions of the day, and an animadversion on the aggressions of foreign nations and the necessary action of peace-loving constitutional governments. The whole spirit of the address was truly conservative. It at once advocated social progress and deprecated a haste for change. It may be adduced as another proof of the soundness of those principles which we have always upheld, and which recommend themselves in his later years to the ripened experience of Lord Brougham.—*Press*, 1 Oct.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—Mr. Alfred Haviland, of Bridgewater, lately brought before the members of the Bath and Bristol Branch of the British Medical Association the subject of the "Hour at which Death takes place in Chronic and Acute Diseases." From various sources he had collected between five and six thousand cases of death, with the hour and other circumstances recorded. The result of his investigation he illustrated by a large diagram, which demonstrated the remarkable facts that he brought before the society. The practical tendency of the paper was to show that, at the time when the greatest mortality takes place, our patients, as a rule, are neither *nursed* nor *fed*. Mr. Haviland lays stress on the indiscriminate use of stimulants and nutriments: stimulants being often given when vitality is at its highest, and least requires them; and nutriments administered when the vitality is too low to digest. (The horary vitality should be studied.) He says that they are given without reason in the majority of cases, simply from routinism. He thinks, by a careful study of cases in all their cyclical changes, patients might be aided over a fatal hour, or at least spared a few hours to their friends to perform what is too often neglected until too late. He showed that the greatest amount of mortality took place in the periods between one and eight A. M.; and that subsequently the mortality fell to its minimum from one to twelve at midnight, with certain fluctuations. Mr. Haviland believes that the cyclical changes should be more studied, and their relation to the *postremum tempus* well analyzed. Much practical benefit may accrue from the study of this subject; and we understand that a short paper will be read by him at the British Association meeting at Bath, for the purpose of bringing his views before the society, and of endeavoring to obtain the coöperation of the associates of his investigation by supplying him with well-authenticated facts on all points relating to the subject.—*Lancet*.

NARRATIVE
OF
PRIVATIONS AND SUFFERINGS
OF
UNITED STATES OFFICERS & SOLDIERS
WHILE
PRISONERS OF WAR
IN THE HANDS OF
THE REBEL AUTHORITIES.

BEING
THE REPORT OF A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY, APPOINTED BY THE UNITED STATES
SANITARY COMMISSION.

WITH AN APPENDIX,
CONTAINING THE TESTIMONY.

[For this Appendix, of 126 pages of sworn evidence, we have not room. It fully proves the Report.]

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

"Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?"

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION.

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D., LL. D.,

Ex-President of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and Emeritus Professor of Surgery; Fellow of King and Queen's College of Physicians of Ireland; Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, etc., etc.

Chairman of the Commission.

EDWARD DELAFIELD, M. D.,

President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, and Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children; President of the National Ophthalmological Society, etc., etc.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS WILKINS, Esq.

ELLERSLIE WALLACE, M. D.,

Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, etc.

HON. J. I. CLARK HARE,

Judge of the District Court of the City and County of Philadelphia.

REV. TREADWELL WALDEN,

Rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MINUTES OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

823 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, May 19, 1864.

Resolved, That Dr. ELLERSLIE WALLACE, Hon. J. I. CLARK HARE, and the Rev. TREADWELL WALDEN, of Philadelphia, and Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. EDWARD DELAFIELD, and GOUVERNEUR M. WILKINS, Esq., of New York, be respectfully requested to act as a Commission for ascertaining, by inquiry and investigation, the true physical condition of prisoners, recently discharged by exchange, from confinement at Richmond and elsewhere, within the rebel lines; whether they did, in fact, during such confinement, suffer materially for want of food, or from its defective quality, or from other privations or sources of disease; and whether their privations and sufferings were designedly inflicted on them by military or other authority of the Rebel Government, or were due to causes which such authorities could not control. And that the gentlemen above named be requested to visit such camps of paroled or discharged prisoners as may be accessible to them, and to take, in writing, the depositions of so many of such prisoners as may enable them to arrive at accurate results; and to adopt such other means of investigation as they may think proper.

823 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, May 31, 1864.

Voted, to request of the Committee of Investigation on the condition of exchanged Union prisoners, the examination not only of Union prisoners, but also of some of the Rebel prisoners recently captured, with reference to the question whether they have, while in the Confederate service, suffered like privations to those experienced by the Federal captives.

The above is a correct copy from the Minutes.

J. FOSTER JENKINS,

General Secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission.

September, 1864.

The Commissioners appointed in the foregoing resolution, by the Standing Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, respectfully submit the following Narrative and Report—drawn from the mass of evidence collected by them, and printed in the Appendix—as the result of their inquiry and investigation.

V. MOTT,
EDWD. DELAFIELD,
GOUV. MOR. WILKINS,
ELLERSLIE WALLACE,
J. I. CLARK HARE,
TREADWELL WALDEN.

NARRATIVE AND REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

I.

Reports of Cruelties in the Beginning of the War — Mutual Recrimination of North and South — Latter and more Authentic Reports — Heart-rending Condition of Returned Prisoners — The Congressional Inquiry — The Sanitary Commission Appoints a Commission of Inquiry — Range of the Investigation — Visit of the Commissioners to Annapolis and Baltimore — Appearance of the Returned Prisoners — Living Skeletons — Testimony Taken — The Claim of the Rebel Government and People — The Humane Principles of Modern Warfare.

EVER since the outbreak of the war, the country has been full of painful rumors concerning the treatment of prisoners of war by the rebel authorities. Every returned prisoner has brought his tale of suffering, astonishing his neighborhood with an account of cruelty and barbarity on the part of the enemy. Innumerable narratives have also been published and widely circulated.

The public have been made very uneasy by these reports. One class have accepted them as true; another have felt them to be exaggerated; still another have pronounced them wholly false,—fictions purposely made and scattered abroad to inflame the people against their enemies, and doing great injustice to the South.

On the other hand, rumors have crossed the border, of an outraged public sentiment in the South, precisely on the same account: reports abounding there of cruelty and barbarity to the rebel soldiers in our hands. It has been repeatedly announced that whatever restrictions or privations have been suffered by Northern men in Southern prisons, were in retaliation for these.

In the beginning of such a prodigious contest, as this has proved to be, breaking out in the midst of a people unaccustomed to war, and quite removed from extensive military traditions and examples, it was natural that many irregularities should have occurred, and many usages of warfare been disregarded on both sides: and that in the matter of prisoners especially, where either region was suddenly inundated by many thousands, great abuses should have taken place, until accommodations could be provided, and arrangements perfected.

But these early days of ill-preparation have

long passed away. The war has lasted more than three years. Both sections have become accustomed to it, and are familiarized with the ideas, habits, and laws of military life. The passionate fury of one side and the patriotic indignation of the other, have had time to settle down, at least so far as to accept this condition, and make every civilized provision known in modern warfare, for the mitigation of its horrors and inhumanity.

And yet the painful rumors, so rife at the outbreak of the war, instead of subsiding with its early tumult, have lately increased to an extent which has seriously alarmed and aroused the public. The tales of cruelty and suffering have become even more heart-rending. Months ago we heard reports that our men were starving and freezing in the Southern prisons. In the late temporary resumption of the cartel, boat-loads of half-naked living skeletons, foul with filth, and covered with vermin, were said to have been landed at Annapolis and Baltimore. Men, diseased and dying, or physically ruined for life, unfit for further military service, had been received in the stead of soldiers of the enemy returned in good condition, and who had been well fed, well clothed, and well sheltered by our Government during their captivity.

But many reasons were circulated to account for such a difference. It was alleged that these emaciated men were the victims of camp dysentery, or similar distempers, and of food, which, however good in quality, and sufficient in quantity, was averse to the Northern constitution. Again it was alleged that the rebel army was, itself, suffering for want of food and clothing, and that the very guards to these prisoners had fared no better.

There were many among us who were willing to credit any statement which would mitigate or excuse the infamy of permitting such a condition of things. For the sake of humanity and the American name, they hoped that the worst could not be proved.

But there were others to whom the proof was sufficient, and who were convinced that the whole was a horrible and pre-determined scheme, contrived for the purpose of depleting our armies, and discouraging our soldiers.

The attention of Congress was roused, and a committee was appointed to investigate this and other alleged barbarities. Their report has just been published.

Before, however, the result of their inquiries was known, the United States Sanitary Commission, as the organ of popular humanity and philanthropy, determined to make an independent investigation; and such a one as would, if possible, put the question at rest on all points upon which the public mind was divided or unsettled; and furnish information so full, and so direct from original sources, that every one could arrive at a just conclusion.

They accordingly appointed the undersigned as a Commission of Inquiry, partly because they were known to be removed from any political affiliations and prejudices, and partly because three of their number were supposed to be professionally competent to read the unerring testimony of nature in the physical condition of the men.

Two distinct departments of evidence were thus opened.

In entering upon their duties the Commissioners had no other wish than to ascertain the truth, and to report the facts as they were. For this they endeavored to collect all the evidence within their reach, and to hear and record all that could be said on every side of the subject. They were accompanied by a United States Commissioner, and in every case the testimony was taken on oath or affirmation before him, or in his absence, before other officers equally empowered.

The mass of evidence, printed as an Appendix, was collected during a period of several months, and is now arranged and classified to facilitate the reader's reference. If it had been printed in the order in which it was taken, it would have been too irregular and apparently heterogeneous to have exhibited the total result of the investigation. But, as it now stands, it will be found united and homogeneous enough in the tragical story which it tells, without variation or self-contradiction, to the country and to the world.

Much of the evidence, however, is made up of bare abstracts of the free and full conversations that were held with persons examined, and although all the essential facts are preserved, yet many graphic and pathetic minor details are omitted which escaped, or could not enter, the formal record, but sometimes were noted down by those who were present. Besides this, the Commissioners were witnesses themselves, and saw and heard enough to overwhelm them with astonishment, and remove the last doubt from their minds.

For this reason, and that the reader may

share with them, so far as can be, the almost dramatic development of the inquiry, they send out these pages, not in the form of a brief documentary report, simply referring to the testimony, but as a descriptive narrative, in which all the salient points of the evidence, and the results of their own observation, are incorporated together. Such a narrative need be only an intelligible grouping of material—its facts will speak best for themselves.

The Commissioners, at the very outset, were brought face to face with the returned captives.

They first visited the two extensive hospitals in Annapolis, occupying the spacious buildings and grounds of the Naval Academy and St. John's College, where over three thousand of them had been brought in every conceivable form of suffering, direct from the Libby Prison, Belle Isle, and two or three other Southern military stations.*

They also visited the West's Buildings Hospital and the Jarvis General Hospital in Baltimore, where several hundreds had been brought, in an equally dreadful condition.

The photographs of these diseased and emaciated men, since so widely circulated, painful as they are, do not, in many respects, adequately represent the sufferers as they then appeared.

The best picture cannot convey the reality, nor create that startling and sickening sensation which is felt at the sight of a human skeleton, with the skin drawn tightly over its skull, and ribs, and limbs, weakly turning and moving itself, as if still a living man!

And this was the reality.

The same spectacle was often repeated as the visitors went from bed to bed, from ward to ward, and from tent to tent. The bony faces stared out above the counterpanes, watching the passer-by dreamily and indifferently. Here and there lay one, half over upon his face, with his bed clothing only partially dragged over him, deep in sleep or stupor. It was strange to find a Hercules in bones; to see the immense hands and feet of a young giant pendent from limbs thinner than a child's, and that could be spanned with the thumb and finger! Equally strange and horrible was it to come upon a man, in one part shrivelled to nothing but skin and bone, and in another swollen and misshapen with dropsy or scurvy; or further on, when the

* The Commissioners would acknowledge the courtesy and hospitality of the accomplished and efficient Surgeon in charge of the Hospital at the Naval Academy, Dr. VanderKieft, by whom every facility for conducting the inquiry was heartily given.

surgeon lifted the covering from a poor half-unconscious creature, to see the stomach fallen in, deep as a basin, and the bone protruding through a blood-red hole on the hip.

Of course these were the worst cases among those that still survived. Hundreds like them, and worse even than they, had been already laid in their graves.

The remainder were in every gradation of physical condition. Some were able to sit up, and to move feebly around their bed; others were well enough to be out of doors; many were met walking about the beautiful grounds of the Naval Academy—by a curious and probably accidental compensation, on the part of the Government, swung to this Paradise on the Severn from the sandy little island in James river and its bleak and bitter winds.

But however unlike and various the cases were, there was one singular element shared by all, and which seemed to refer them to one thing as the common cause and origin of their suffering. It was the peculiar look in every face. The man in Baltimore looked like the man just left in Annapolis. Perhaps it was partly the shaven head, the sunken eyes, the drawn mouth, the pinched and pallid features—partly, doubtless, the grayish, blighted skin, rough to the touch as the skin of a shark. But there was something else: an expression in the eyes and countenance of desolateness, a look of settled melancholy, as if they had passed through a period of physical and mental agony which had driven the smile from their faces forever. All had it: the man that was met on the grounds, and the man that could not yet raise his head from the pillow.

It was this which arrested the attention of some of the party quite as much as the remarkable phenomenon of so many emaciated and singularly diseased men being gathered together, all, with few exceptions, having been brought from the same prisons in the South.

Every one who was questioned contributed his part to swell the following account of privation, exposure and suffering.

The veil is now to be lifted from two of the nearest and most noted Southern stations for prisoners. There appear, indeed, occasional glimpses of places of captivity in Danville, Virginia, and Andersonville, Georgia, but the chief interest centres upon Libby Prison and Belle Isle, at Richmond.

Before, however, the narrative proceeds, two things must be borne in mind:

First, that we are now penetrating into the arrangements of a people who claim, and

have so far maintained, their entire independence of the United States Government; who have organized a government of their own; who have also organized immense and powerful armies; who had, in the beginning, so far prepared themselves, and, during the last three years, have so far completed their preparations, as to be able to match, and all but overpower one of the strongest military establishments ever known.

Let them, for the moment, be taken for what they claim to be: "The Confederate States of America," a mighty government, and a "superior race," first in civilization, in culture, and in courage, distinguished for all that is magnanimous, chivalric, humane, hospitable, and noble, for all the graces and refinements, and highest developments of individual and social life.

Furthermore, another thing must be borne in mind: that, in these days of civilized warfare, the cowardly and barbarous usage no longer prevails of mistreating prisoners of war, but the moment a conflict is over, every sentiment of Christianity and humanity rises to mitigate the bloody horrors of the field. The distinction of friend and enemy is no longer known.

The surgeon, with the high sense of professional duty in which he has been educated, goes equally to all. The prisoners taken are not thrown into dungeons, nor shut up in jails, but put into barracks. They are made as comfortable as the arrangements necessary for their safe keeping will permit. They are sheltered, warmed, fed and clothed, in all necessary respects as well as the soldiers that vanquished and captured them. They become, for the time being, part of the military family of their enemy, and are made subject to the same sanitary and other regulations.

Their barracks are never overcrowded; sufficient area is allowed for exercise and fresh air; so much bathing is permitted, and even insisted upon, for the sake of cleanliness; their food is in every respect the same as that consumed by the army within whose lines they are; their clothing is all that they need. Such a thing as robbery of their private property is unknown, or never tolerated if known.

When sickness overtakes the prisoner he is removed to the hospital: taken from his bunk and placed upon a bed, and then, whatever distinction existed before vanishes entirely: every kindness and attention, every remedy and delicacy that a sufferer needs, is freely and generously given.

Such is the high principle, and noble usage, which prevails in modern warfare. The perfection of its arrangements is a matter of pride and honor among soldiers, and

the proper boast of every Christian government.

We now turn to the people and government at present waging war with our Government, and who, through a dead-lock in the cartel, hold tens of thousands of United States soldiers as prisoners of war.

II.

Almost invariable Robbery of Prisoners—Description of Libby Prison—Overcrowded Rooms—Barely room to lie down—Ragged and verminous Blankets—Shooting at prisoners without warning—Instances of Shooting in Libby—Same in Danville and Atlanta—Insufficient and disgusting Rations—Slow Starvation—Withholding and thieving of Boxes sent from the North—Sufferings of the Officers—The Cells—Inhumanity to the Dead—The Mining of Libby.

THE first fact developed by the testimony of both officers and privates, is that prisoners were almost invariably robbed of everything valuable in their possession, sometimes on the field, at the instant of capture, sometimes by the prison authorities in a "quasi official way," with the promise of return when exchanged or paroled: but which promise was never fulfilled.* This robbery amounted often to a stripping of the person of even necessary clothing. Blankets and overcoats were almost always taken, and sometimes other articles; in which case damaged or ragged ones were returned in their stead.

This preliminary over, the captives were taken to prison.

The Libby, which is best known, though also used as a place of confinement for private soldiers, is generally understood to be the officers' prison.

It is a row of brick buildings, three stories high, situated on the canal, and overlooking the James river, and was formerly a tobacco warehouse. The partitions between the buildings have been pierced with doorways on each story.

The rooms are one hundred feet long by forty feet broad. In six of these rooms, twelve hundred United States officers, of all grades, from the Brigadier-General to the Second-Lieutenant, were confined for many months; and this was all the space that was allowed them in which to cook, eat, wash, sleep, and take exercise! It seems incredible. Ten feet by two were all that could be claimed by each man—hardly enough to measure his length upon; and even this was further abridged by the room necessarily taken for cooking, washing and clothes-drying.

* No instance of the promise being kept appears in the evidence, but there have been occasions reported, though very rare, where money was returned, but even then in depreciated Confederate currency.

At one time they were not allowed the use of benches, chairs or stools, nor even to fold their blanket and sit upon them, but those who would rest were obliged to huddle on their haunches, as one of them expresses it, "like so many slaves on the middle passage." After awhile this severe restriction was removed, and they were allowed to make chairs and stools for themselves, out of the barrels and boxes which they had received from the North.

They were overrun with vermin in spite of every precaution and constant ablutions. Their blankets, which averaged one to a man, and sometimes less, had not been issued by the rebels, but had been procured in different ways; sometimes by purchase, sometimes through the Sanitary Commission. The prisoners had to help themselves from the refuse accumulation of these articles, which, having seen similar service before, were often ragged and full of vermin.

In these they wrapped themselves at night, and lay down on the hard plank floor in close and stifling contact, "wormed and dovetailed together," as one of them testifies, "like fish in a basket." The floors were recklessly washed late in the afternoon, and were therefore damp and dangerous to sleep upon. Almost every one had a cough in consequence.

There were seventy-five windows in these rooms, all more or less broken, and in winter the cold was intense. Two stoves in a room, with two or three armfuls of wood to each, did not prove sufficient, under this exposure, to keep them warm.

The regulations varied at different periods in stringency and severity, and it is difficult to describe the precise condition of things at any one time, but the above comes from two officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Farnsworth and Captain Calhoun. As it happens, they are representatives of the two opposite classes of officers confined in the Libby. The former coming from Connecticut, and influentially connected at the North, was one of a mess to which a great profusion of supplies, and even luxuries, were sent. The latter coming from Kentucky, and being differently situated, was entirely dependent upon the prison fare.

These officers were there during the same season, but never became acquainted. The accounts of each, which will be found in the evidence side by side, are here combined and run together.

From their statements it appears that the hideous discomfort was never lessened by any variation in the rules, but often increased. The prison did not seem to be under any general and uniform army regulations, but the captives were subject to the caprices of

Major Turner, the officer in charge, and Richard Turner, inspector of the prison.

It was among the rules that no one should go within three feet of the windows, a rule which seems to be general in all Southern prisons of this character and which their frequently crowded state rendered peculiarly severe and difficult to observe. The manner in which the regulation was enforced was unjustifiably and wantonly cruel. Often by accident, or unconsciously, an officer would go near a window, and be instantly shot at without warning. The reports of the sentry's musket were heard almost every day, and frequently a prisoner fell either killed or wounded.

It was even worse with a large prison near by, called the Pemberton Buildings, which was crowded with enlisted men. The firing into its windows was a still more common occurrence. The officers had heard as many as fourteen shots fired on a single day. They could see the guards watching for an opportunity to fire, and often, after one of them had discharged his musket, the sergeant of the guard would appear at the door, bringing out a dead or wounded soldier.

So careless as this were the authorities as to the effect of placing their prisoners in the power of the rude and brutal soldiery on guard. It became a matter of sport among the latter "to shoot a Yankee." They were seen in attitudes of expectation, with guns cocked, watching the windows for a shot. But sometimes they did not even wait for an infraction of the rule. Lieutenant Hammond was shot at while in a small boarded enclosure, where there was no window, only an aperture between the boards. The guard caught sight of his hat through this opening, and aiming lower, so as to reach his heart, fired. A nail turned the bullet upward, and it passed through his ear and hat-brim. The officers reported the outrage to Major Turner, who merely replied, "The boys are in want of practice." The sentry said, "He had made a bet that he would kill a damned Yankee before he came off guard." No notice was taken of the occurrence by the authorities.

The brutal fellow, encouraged by this impunity, tried to murder another officer in the same way. Lieutenant Huggins was standing eight feet from the window, in the second story. The top of his hat was visible to the guard, who left his beat, went out into the street, took deliberate aim, and fired. Providentially he was seen, a warning cry was uttered, Huggins stooped, and the bullet buried itself in the beams above.

Very much the same thing is mentioned as happening in the prison buildings at Dan-

ville. A man was standing by the window conversing with private Wilcox. At his feet was the place where he slept at night, close under the window, and where his blanket lay rolled up. He had his hands on the casement. The guard must have seen his shadow, for he was invisible from the regular beat, and went out twenty feet to get a shot at him. Before the poor fellow could be warned, the bullet entered his forehead, and he fell dead at the feet of his companion.

Almost every prisoner had such an incident to tell. Some had been shot at themselves a number of times, and had seen others repeatedly fired upon. One testifies that he had seen five hundred men shot at.

The same brutal style of "sporting" while on guard, seems to have prevailed wherever the license was given by this cruel and unnecessary rule. Captain Calhoun, mentions that while he and his companions were on their way to Richmond from North-eastern Georgia, where they were captured, they stopped at Atlanta, and just before they started, a sick soldier who was near the line, beyond which the prisoners were not allowed to go, put his hand over to pluck a bunch of leaves that were not a foot from the boundary. The instant he did so, the guard caught sight of him, fired, and killed him.

Another instance of equal skill in "shooting on the wing," will be noticed in the case of the soldier who only exposed his arm an instant in throwing out some water, and was wounded, fortunately not killed, by the rebel bullet. Something of the same kind was related in the course of conversation, but is not in the evidence, as happening at the Libby, when an officer was shot while waving his hand in farewell to a departing comrade.

But there were cruelties worse than these, because less the result of impulse and recklessness, and because deliberately done. There opens now a part of the narrative which is as amazing as it is unaccountable.

The reader will turn to the heart-rending scenes of famine which the testimony before the Commission has exposed.

The daily ration in the officers' quarter, of Libby prison, was a small loaf of bread about the size of a man's fist, made of Indian meal. Sometimes it was made from wheat flour, but of variable quality. It weighed a little over half a pound. With it was given a piece of beef weighing two ounces.

But it is not easy to describe this ration, it was so irregular in kind, quality and amount. Its general character is vividly indicated by a remark made in conversation, by one of the officers: "I would gladly," said he, with emphatic sincerity, "gladly have preferred the horse-feed in my father's stable."

During the summer and the early part of the fall, the ration seems to have been less insufficient, and less repulsive than it afterwards became. At no period was it enough to support life, at least in health, for a length of time, but however inadequate, it was not so to such a remarkable degree as to produce the evils which afterward ensued.

It was about the middle of last autumn that this process of slow starvation became intolerable, injurious, and cruel to the extent referred to. The corn bread began to be of the roughest and coarsest description. Portions of the cob and husk were often found ground in with the meal. The crust was so thick and hard that the prisoners called it iron-clad. To render the bread eatable, they grated it, and made mush of it, but the crust they could not grate.

Now and then, after long intervals, often of many weeks, a little meat was given them, perhaps two or three mouthfuls. At a later period, they received a pint of black peas, with some vinegar, every week. The peas were often full of worms, or maggots in a chrysalis state, which, when they made soup, floated on the surface.

Those who were entirely dependent on the prison fare, and who had no friends at the North to send them boxes of food, began to suffer the horrible agony of craving food, and feeling themselves day by day losing strength. Dreams and delusions began to distract their minds.*

Although many were relieved through the

* The very same phenomenon occurred during the celebrated Darien Exploring Expedition, under Lieutenant Strain, some years ago. The whole party suffered starvation; a number of them died, and the remainder were rescued when they had become emaciated and debilitated nearly to the point of death.

"From the time that food became scarce to the close, and just in proportion as famine increased, they revelled in gorgeous dinners. Truxton and Mauray would pass hours in spreading tables loaded with every luxury. Over this imaginary feast they would gloat with the pleasure of a gourmand." — *Darien Explor. Exped., Harpers' Monthly*, vol. x., p. 613.

The party separated, Strain and Avery being the least exhausted and going on before the others to obtain succor if possible.

"At length starvation produced the same singular effect on them that it did on Truxton and Mauray, and they would spend hours in describing all the good dinners they had ever eaten. For the last two or three days, when most reduced, Strain said that he occupied almost the whole time in arranging a magnificent dinner. Every luxury or curious dish that he had ever seen or heard of composed it, and he wore away the hours in going round his imaginary table, arranging and changing the several dishes. He could not force his mind from the contemplation of this, so wholly had one idea — food — taken possession of it." — *Darien Explor. Exped., Harp. Monthly*, vol. x., p. 760.

generosity of their more favored fellow prisoners, yet the supply from this source was, of course, inadequate. Captain Calhoun speaks of suffering "a burning sensation on the inside, with a general failing in strength." "I grew so foolish in my mind that I used to blame myself for not eating more when at home." "The subject of food engrossed my entire thoughts." "Captain Stevens having received a box from home, sat down and ate to excess, and died a few hours afterwards." "A man had a piece of ham which I looked at for hours, and would have stolen if I had had a chance."

One day, by pulling up a plank in the floor, they gained access to the cellar, and found there an abundance of provisions: barrels of the finest wheat flour, potatoes and turnips. Of these they ate ravenously until the theft was discovered.

But the most unaccountable and shameful act of all was yet to come. Shortly after this general diminution of rations, in the month of January last, the boxes, which before had been regularly delivered, and in good order, were withheld. No reason was given. Three hundred arrived every week, and were received by Colonel Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, but instead of being distributed, were retained, and piled up in warehouses near by, and in full sight of the tantalized and hungry captives. Three thousand were there when Lieutenant-Colonel Farnsworth came away.

There was some show of delivery, however, but in a manner especially heartless. Five or six of the boxes were given during the week. The eager prisoner, expectant perhaps of a wife's or mother's thoughtful provision for him, was called to the door and ordered to spread his blanket, when the open cans, whether containing preserved fruits, condensed milk, tobacco, vegetables, or meats, were thrown promiscuously together, and often ruined by the mingling.

These boxes sometimes contained clothing, as well as food, and their contents were frequently appropriated by the prison officials. Lieutenant McGinnis recognized his own home-suit of citizen's clothes on one of them, pointing out his name on the watch-pocket.

The officers were permitted to send out and buy articles at extravagant prices, and would find the clothes, stationery, hams and butter which they had purchased bearing the marks of the Sanitary Commission.

In one instance this constant thievery became an unexpected advantage to the inmates. After the famous "tunnelling out," by which so many effected their escape, the guards confessed that they had seen the fugitives, but supposed that they

were their own men stealing the boxes! The tunnel, after running under the street, had its outlet near where the boxes were piled up.

All through the winter and late into the spring was this suffering, chiefly from hunger, prolonged. There is evidence of its continuation even so late as the month of May last.

Surgeon Ferguson, who was confined there at that time, gives a most painful picture of what he saw.

"No one can appreciate, without experience, the condition of the officers in the prison during the twelve days of my stay; their faces were pinched with hunger. I have seen an officer standing by the window, gnawing a bone like a dog. I asked him, 'What do you do it for?' His reply was, 'It will help fill up.'

"They were constantly complaining of hunger; there was a sad, and insatiable expression of face impossible to describe."

There is no suffering that can be mentioned greater than that of the slow and lingering pains of famine, except it be perhaps the agonies of absolute death from hunger—but of this no Libby evidence was collected. The description of Libby life might therefore end at this point so far as having reached the climax of all possible misery on the one hand, and of all possible barbarity on the other. But the testimony develops still other instances of cruelty, which may as well be introduced here, in order to show the animus of the Confederate authorities.

It is stated that for offences, whether trivial or serious, the prisoners were consigned to cells, beneath the prison, the walls of which were damp, green, and slimy. These apartments were never warmed, and often so crowded that some were obliged to stand up all night. It was in these dungeons that the hostages were placed.

But the inhumanity was not confined to the living. It extended even to the disposal of the dead. The bodies were placed in the cellar, to which the animals of the street had access, and very often were partly devoured by hogs, dogs, and rats. The officers had the curiosity to mark the coffins in which they were buried in them. But they proved to be only vehicles for bearing them away, returning a score of times for others.

This must have been the case with privates only, who occupied part of the prison, as it is mentioned that the officers generally secured by contributions, made up among themselves, metallic coffins and a decent, temporary deposit in a vault for those of their number who died, until they could be removed to the North.

One other incident may be noticed which is quite in keeping with all the rest, but without the foregoing catalogue of outrages to humanity, would appear too shocking to be credible.

At the time Kilpatrick made his nearly successful raid on Richmond, the city was thrown into a panic by his approach, and the prison officials deliberately prepared—so the story runs—a more expeditious way of closing the career of their prisoners. It was somewhat more merciful than starvation, because it substituted instantaneous death for an endless agony of dying. The negroes gave the first intimation to the captives of what was going on.* Richard Turner took care to dash the hopes of his captives, as well as add to their anxiety by informing them that "Should Kilpatrick succeed in entering Richmond, it would not help them, as the prison authorities would blow up the prison, and all its inmates." Lieutenant Latouche was overheard observing to a rebel officer with whom he had entered the cellar, where the two hundred pounds of powder were said to be placed, "There is enough there to send every damned Yankee to Hell." Turner himself said, in the presence of Colonel Farnsworth, in answer to the question "Was the prison mined?" "Yes, and I would have blown you all to Hades before I would have suffered you to be rescued." The remark of Bishop Johns is corroborative as well as curious, in reply to the question, "Whether it was a Christian mode of warfare to blow up defenceless prisoners?" "I suppose the authorities are satisfied on that point, though I do not mean to justify it."

The idea is so monstrously shocking that the mind hesitates to grasp it, or believe it. Many will try to see in it only a menace to deter any further attempt to take Richmond by a raid. And yet the evidence, even if it does come by rebel admissions, has an air of diabolical sincerity. A remark of Turner's justifying the act, which was mentioned to one of the commissioners, but accidentally omitted in the formal testimony, gives quite a decided turn to the very natural probability that the fiendish plan was resolved upon: "Suppose Kilpatrick should have got in here, what would my life have been worth after you all got loose. Yes, I would have blown you all to Hades before I would have suffered you to be rescued." This was his argument and self-justification in brief, though somewhat more at length at the time.

The act was altogether consistent with the characters of the three men who had author-

* "Dug big hole down dar, massa. Torpedo in dar, sure!"

ity over the prison:—General Winder, the Commander of the Department, Major Turner, Commander of the Prison, whose brutality is fully illustrated by his management of it, and Richard Turner, Inspector of the Prison, by occupation a negro-whipper, (see the testimony of Colonel Farnsworth,) and whose savage nature vented itself in frequent acts of personal insult and physical violence toward the prisoners.

Be the story true or false, it is, at any rate, consummately befitting and consistent, inasmuch as the strongest reasons for its probability may be derived from the other facts that have now been narrated. If true, it is strongly corroborative of the vindictive purpose which animates the Confederate authorities. History may yet write it so, and therefore the Commissioners do not pass it over in silence because of any doubt that may cling to it.

Let the spectacle, that, probably, came so near taking place, be, at least, the appropriate crown and close of this portion of the narrative; the Union raiders, bounding over the fortifications of Richmond, intent upon rescuing their companions from a captivity worse than death,—and the three great brick buildings lifted bodily into the air, and let down in one stupendous crush and ruin upon the living forms of twelve hundred helpless men!

III.

Description of Belle Isle.—No shelter provided from the heat in Summer, or from the cold in Winter.—Sufferings during the late severe winter.—Expedients to avoid Freezing to Death.—Men Frozen to Death.—The loathsome and inadequate Food.—Men perishing from Hunger.—Unavoidable Filth of the Camp and of the Men on account of the Rules.—Neglect of the Sick.—Cruelty to the Sick.—Incidents of cruelty in Hospitals.

BUT there is a still lower depth of suffering to be exposed. The rank of the officers, however disregarded in most respects, induced some consideration, but for the private soldiers there seemed to be no regard whatever, and no sentiment which could restrain.

It is to this most melancholy part of their task that the Commissioners now proceed.

Belle Isle is a small island in the James river, opposite the Tredegar Iron-works, and in full sight from the Libby windows. It has pretensions enough to beauty at a distant view to justify its name, as part of it is a bluff covered with trees. But the portion on which the prisoners are confined, is low, sandy, and barren, without a tree to cast a shadow, and poured upon by the burning rays of a Southern sun.

Here is an enclosure, variously estimated

to be from three to six acres in extent, surrounded by an earthwork about three feet high, with a ditch on either side. On the edge of the outer ditch, all round the enclosure, guards are stationed about forty feet apart, and keep watch there day and night. The interior has something of the look of an encampment, a number of Sibley tents being set in rows, with "streets" between. These tents, rotten, torn, full of holes,—poor shelter at any rate,—accommodated only a small proportion of the number who were confined within these low earth walls.

The number varied at different periods, but from ten to twelve thousand men have been imprisoned in this small space at one time, turned into the enclosure like so many cattle, to find what resting place they could. So crowded were they, that at the least, according to the estimated area given them, there could not have been but a space two feet by seven, and, at the most, three feet by nine, per man—hardly a generous allotment even for a "hospitable grave."

Some were so fortunate as to find shelter in the tents, but even they were often wet with the rain, and almost frozen when the winter set in. Every day some places were made vacant by disease or by death, as some were taken to the hospital, and some to burial.

But thousands had no tents, and no shelter of any kind. Nothing was provided for their accommodation. Lumber was plenty in a country of forests, but not a cabin or shed was built, although the commonest material would have been a grateful boon to the captives, and would have been quickly and ingeniously employed by them.

This is an established station for prisoners of war, and yet not a movement has been made, from its beginning to this moment, to erect barracks, or make any suitable and humane provisions for the comfort of those confined there. It remains to this day an open encampment, close under the walls of Richmond, and well known to the Confederate authorities, with nothing but the heavens for its canopy.

Here then these thousands lay all last summer, fall, and winter, with nought but the sand for their bed, and the sky for their covering. What did they do in the summer and early autumn, with the sickening heat of a torrid sun pouring upon their unprotected heads? What did they do when the rain descended and the floods came? What did they suffer when the malarious fog enveloped them, or when the sharp winds swept up the river, and pierced their almost naked and shivering forms.

Stripped of blankets and overcoats, hatless often, shoeless often, in ragged coats and

rotting shirts, they were obliged to take the weather as it came. Here and there a tent had a fire, and the inmates gathered round it, but the thousands outside shivered as the cold cut them to the bone, and huddled together for warmth and sympathy.

The winter came—and one of the hardest winters ever experienced in the South—but still no better shelter was provided. The mercury was down to zero at Memphis, which is further south than Richmond. The snow lay deep on the ground around Richmond. The ice formed in the James, and flowed in masses upon the rapids, on either side of the island. Water, left in buckets on the island, froze two or three inches deep in a single night.

The men resorted to every expedient to keep from perishing. They lay in the ditch, as the most protected place, heaped upon one another, and lying close together, as one of them expressed it, "like hogs in winter," taking turns as to who should have the outside of the row. In the morning the row of the previous night was marked by the motionless forms of those "who were sleeping on in their last sleep"—*frozen to death!*

Every day, during the winter season, numbers were conveyed away stiff and stark, having fallen asleep in everlasting cold. Some of the men dug holes in the sand in which to take refuge. All through the night rowds of them were heard running up and down to keep themselves from freezing. And this fate threatened them, even more than it would have threatened most men, exposed to an equally severe temperature, even with such thin clothing and inadequate shelter—for *they were starving!*

The very sustenance of animal heat was withheld, and one of the most urgent occasions of hunger, a freezing temperature, which makes the bodily necessity stronger, and the appetite for food greater, was given full opportunity to make havoc among them. So the last stay and power of resistance was taken away—the cold froze them because they were hungry,—the hunger consumed them because they were cold. These two vultures fed upon their vitals, and no one in the Southern Confederacy had the mercy or the pity to drive them away. Only once was there heard a voice of indignant remonstrance in the rebel Congress from a noble-hearted statesman, but it was heard with indifference, and brought about no alleviation.

Read the rude words of these suffering men. Put together their testimony, and what a harrowing tale it tells!

They were fed as the swine are fed. A chunk of corn-bread, twelve or fourteen ounces in weight, half-baked, full of cracks as if

baked in the sun, musty in taste, containing whole grains of corn, fragments of cob, and pieces of husks; meat often tainted, suspiciously like mule-meat, and a mere mouthful at that; two or three spoonfuls of rotten beans; soup thin and briny, often with the worms floating on the surface. None of these were given together, and the whole ration was never one-half the quantity necessary for the support of a healthy man.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that the men were ravenous when the rations were brought in, nor remain unmoved by the simple and touching expressions which fell from so many of them:—

"There was no name for our hunger."

"I was hungry—pretty nearly starved to death all the time."

"I waked up one night, and found myself gnawing my coat sleeve."

"I used to dream of having something good to eat."

"I walked the streets for many a night—I could not sleep for hunger."

"I lost flesh and strength, and so did the others, for want of food."

"If I were to sit here a week, I could not tell you half our suffering."

There were other indications of the desperate famine to which they were subjected. They gnawed the very bones which had been thrown away, sometimes breaking them up for soup. They were glad to get the refuse bread which was occasionally thrown to them by the guards. They even ate the rats which burrowed in the encampment. A dog, belonging to an officer, straying into the enclosure was caught and secreted, and before he could reclaim his property, it was torn apart by the man who stole it, some of it eaten by himself, and the remainder sold to his comrades.

So reduced were they, that they exchanged their clothing for food, and left themselves exposed the more to the cold. Under the temptation to secure double rations, many worked at their trades of blacksmithing and shoemaking for the rebel army.

But as the weary months drew on, hunger told its inevitable tale on them all. They grew weak and emaciated. Many found that they could not walk; when they attempted it a dizziness and blindness came, and they fell to the ground. Diarrhœa, scurvy, congestion of the lungs, and low fevers set in.

To add to their suffering there came the unavoidable consequences of being herded and crowded together, but in this case especially aggravated by a most unnecessary restriction. A broad beach surrounded the island, and yet only about seventy-five men were permitted to bathe per day in the river,

in squads of five or six at a time. At this rate it was literally and almost accurately what so many of the men state: that they were allowed to wash themselves only once in six months.

"Lice were in all their quarters." Vermin and dirt encrusted their bodies. They were sore with lying in the sand. None, not even the sufferers with diarrhœa, were allowed to visit the sinks during the night, and in the morning the ground was covered and saturated with filth. The wells were tainted; the air was filled with disgusting odors.*

Many were taken sick daily, but were allowed to suffer for days before they were removed to the hospitals, and when this was done, it was often so late that the half of them died before reaching it, or died at the very moment their names were being recorded.

There was a hospital tent on the island, which was always full of the sick. It had no floor, the sick and dying were laid on straw, and logs were their only pillows. "If you or I saw a horse dying," said one, "wouldn't we put some straw under his head? Would we let him beat his head on a log in his agony?"

When this tent was full, the sick were taken to a hospital in Richmond.

The poor creatures were often as prematurely returned, as they had been tardily removed thither. Often were they seen escorted back, so weak as hardly to be able to move, some even crawling on their hands and knees. Colonel Ely, of the 18th Connecticut, saw one of his men, a former schoolmate and townsman, George Ward, a much respected citizen of Norwich, Connecticut, returning to the island in this condition, with a squad of others. He threw him a ham, but as the "poor fellow crawled to get it," says Colonel Farnsworth, who also witnessed the sad condition of an old acquaintance, "the rebel guard charged bayonets upon him, called him a damned Yankee, and appropriated the ham."

An incident which happened in the very hospital from which these men were brought will give even a better idea of how the sick were treated.

Two officers made their escape. Immediately all the patients who were able to sit up or stand were taken into an empty room under the Libby, and kept there twenty-four hours, without food or blankets, as a punishment for not having reported the contemplated escape. From this treatment Surgeon Pierce died. The officers in the room above took up the floor, supplied

the sick with food and drink, and shared their blankets with them. For this they were deprived by Major Turner of rations for a whole day.

A still more vivid picture of a hospital interior is given by Surgeon Ferguson. It is of the notorious and horrible Hospital No. 21, where, so late as in May last, Dr. Ferguson says "the wounded Union prisoners were under treatment, *** I consider," he adds, "the nourishment and stimulation they received entirely insufficient to give them a proper chance for recovery. I am surprised that more do not die. There were many bad cases among them that must inevitably sink under this treatment after a few days. The condition of these men was such, that any medical observer would impute it to insufficient stimulation and nutrition."

"The bedding where the privates were confined by wounds was very dirty; the covering was entirely old, dirty quilts; the beds were offensive from the discharges from wounds and secretions of the body, and were entirely unfit to place a sick or wounded man on."

"On the faces of the wounded was an anxious haggard expression of countenance, such as I have never seen before; I attribute it to want of care, want of nourishment and encouragement."

A Hospital Steward, while a prisoner, attending to some duty in the hospital, found, by accident, the Confederate Surgeon-General's quarterly report, which he brought away with him when he was paroled. By this, it appears that in the months of January, February and March last, out of nearly twenty-eight hundred patients, about fourteen hundred—or half the number—died! This document will be found in the appendix.*

And what was here done in prison and hospital, to our private soldiers on Belle Isle, and to our officers in the Libby, was done nearly all over the South. These facts are most conspicuous only because in the foreground. But from almost every station in the distant South, of which anything is known, comes the same story of robbery and insult, of starvation on food both bad and insufficient, of exposure—in the day to heat, and in the night to the frost—of shootings without warning, of close and filthy rooms or unsheltered encampments, of disease without care or medical treatment, and of deaths without number.

Danville has yet the whole of its dreadful tale to tell. Andersonville has yet to account for its average of one hundred and thirty deaths a day, at which rate the whole

* This taint of the drinking water was mentioned in conversation, but was accidentally omitted in the evidence.

of its present number—thirty-five thousand—will be dead in a few months.*

The very railroads can speak of inhuman transportations from one point to another of the sick, the wounded, and the unwounded together, crowded into cattle and baggage cars, lying and dying in the filth of sickness, and the blood of undressed wounds.

IV.

The men as they appeared when brought on board the flag-of-truce boat, and into the Hospitals—Distressing spectacle—Hunger, nakedness, filthiness—Disease and death from starvation and cold—Cries for food—Imbecility and insanity of many—Opinions of the surgeons—The Medical Report of the Commission.

THE Commissioners do not feel at liberty, in presenting a narrative like this, every fact of which is rooted in the appended testimony, to make any inferential statements, although there are some incidents which are as essentially connected with such a state of things, as certain known effects are with certain established causes. A hundred scenes of suffering could be imagined and depicted by one conversant with the medical and other phenomena of famine and exposure to cold, which would be recognized as part of their own history by those who saw or experienced the wretched life led by the prisoners on Belle Isle.

But, as it has happened, the reader is furnished with vivid descriptions, by eye-witnesses, of the men as they appeared at the time of their transfer into the hands of the United States Government, and they have only to be imagined back on Belle Isle, or wherever else they had been, to get all too painful a conception of what was daily to be witnessed there.

"I have been," said Mr. Abbott, who, as special agent of the Sanitary Commis-

* At the very moment this inquiry is concluded and this report is being prepared, a memorial is brought to the President of the United States by commissioners appointed by the prisoners still in confinement at Andersonville, representing their sufferings and appealing for succor. A statement is also published, verified under oath by three of these soldiers, who were exchanged August 16th. These documents are so remarkably corroborative, in every particular, of the results developed by the inquiry, and, in some respects, represent a state of things so much worse than at the date at which the investigation closed, that they have been appended in a supplement, which will be found, after the evidence, on page 259. The frequent menacing predictions of the rebel press, and the evident precipitation of cruel measures upon the prisoners which is exhibited by the testimony taken before the Commission, find a fitting confirmation and counterpart, in this the latest account which has come from a Southern prison.

sion, was among the first to come in contact with the returned prisoners—"I have been on the battle-field, and in the hospitals, and witnessed much suffering, but never did I experience so sad and deplorable a condition of human beings as that of the paroled Union prisoners just from Belle Island, and the rebel prison of the South."

It was his business, for a period, to accompany the flag-of-truce boat as it plied between City Point, Virginia, and Annapolis, Maryland, bringing home thousands of the wretched men. The greater proportion of them were living skeletons, and each successive boat-load was in a worse condition than the last. Hundreds, at each trip, were stretched on cots, sick with every form of disease which could have been induced by confinement, exposure, and bad food. A number were dying; several died before the boat landed. Every one was in a frightfully filthy condition. All were deficient in clothing. Many were almost naked, and whatever they had on was ragged and dirty. Their hair and beards had grown long, having been uncut for many months. Their bodies were encrusted with dirt, and infested with vermin. One man had convulsions during a whole trip, caused, the surgeon said, by vermin. The vermin were very thick upon his body, and he threw his attenuated arms about, catching as at lice, throwing them off, and slapping them with his blanket.

In this state the prisoners were landed, and were received by the surgeons of Annapolis and Baltimore.

Many were so weak that they had to be carried ashore on stretchers, and died in the brief transit. Others tottered to the hospital, with the little strength they had remaining, only to die in a few hours. Some of them were found covered with bad and extensive sores, caused by lying on the sand. Many had lost their reason, and were in all stages of idiocy and imbecility.* One had become incurably insane in his joy at being delivered.

Often they acted like children and had to be taught again the decencies of life, so long had they been unhabituated to them. A number had partially lost their sight, hearing, and speech. One man was pointed out to the commissioners who had been so covered by vermin, that after having been, as was supposed, thoroughly washed, his head even been shaven, was laid upon a

* "Wilson was exceedingly debilitated, and had become perfectly childish, and almost idiotic from suffering and strain feared that bad effects might ensue if he was permitted to eat as much as he wished." *Durien Explor. Exped. Harpers' Month.* vol. x. p. 752.

clean bed—in ten minutes the sheets and his clothing were covered with vermin again. And this was not peculiar to him. It was only an instance of the unavoidable condition of all. In some cases they were so eaten by lice as to very nearly resemble a case of scabbing from small pox, being covered with sores from head to foot.

Many had been badly frost-bitten, and came ashore with feet partially amputated. In one case it was mentioned to the visitors that a frozen foot fell off as the man was being carried ashore!

Without exception they were ravenous for food. Their cries for something to eat were pitiful to hear. The surgeons had to restrain their voracity, and keep them on small quantities of liquid food lest they should kill themselves by over-eating or by eating solid food. They would often entreat for the sight of an apple or a piece of meat, that they might enjoy at least the vision of what they could not have.

It was their invariable reply in answer to the question, "What was the matter?" "That they had been starved, exposed, and neglected on Belle Isle?"

The surgeons, themselves, were unanimous in their opinion as to the cause of their condition, not only from the uniform story of the men, but from the characteristics of the different diseases, the revelations of the post-mortem examination, and especially, and most conclusively of all, the invariable treatment which proved most efficacious; namely, not medication, but simple nutrition and stimulation.

They all agreed in attributing the condition of the men to one or more of the following causes: Deprivation of clothing; insufficient food, in quantity and quality; want of fresh air on account of over-crowding; consequent and unavoidable uncleanness; want of adequate shelter during the fall and winter; and mental depression the natural result of all.

The reader will be impressed by the emphatic utterances of the surgeons:

SURGEON VANDERKIEFT.—"Their condition is on account of ill-treatment by starvation and exposure, as I am convinced is the case by their actual condition on their arrival, and by rations shown to me. That the men must have been in good health when captured, I do not need such a statement, as I am well acquainted with the regulations which govern the medical department of our army, 'to send to the rear every man who is not perfectly able to bear arms.' ***

"The diseases most common among these returned prisoners are scurvy, diarrhœa, and

congestion of the lungs, which are not amenable to the ordinary treatment in use in civil life, or in hospitals of our own army; they are most successfully mastered by high nutrition and stimulation, with cleanliness and fresh air—medicinal treatment being of small assistance in the recovery of the sufferers, and often being entirely dispensed with, *** thus proving by the counteracting effect of good food, air, cleanliness, and stimulants, that these disorders are the result of the causes above stated."

SURGEON ELY.—Speaking of the dead whom he had found on the boats as they landed, "No words can describe their appearance. In each case the sunken eye, the gaping mouth, the filthy skin, the clothes and head alive with vermin, the repelling bony contour, all conspired to lead to the conclusion that we were looking upon the victims of starvation, cruelty, and exposure, to a degree unparalleled in the history of humanity. Nearly every instance leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that death has been owing to a long series of exposures and hardships, with a deprivation of the barest necessities of existence. * * * *

"In many cases that I have observed, the dirt incrustation has been so thick as to require months of constant ablutions to recover the normal condition and function of the integuments. Patients have repeatedly stated in answer to my interrogatories that they had been unable to wash their bodies once in six months, that all that time they had lain in the dirt. * * * In many instances this is the prime, exciting cause of the diseases of the pulmonary and abdominal organs which are so constantly found among our Richmond patients." *

SURGEON PARKER.—"The majority of the diseased cases were diarrhœa, caused by bad diet, of insufficient and bad quality. They have resulted from the want of variety of diet. I found nutrition was the most successful treatment. I do not consider the (rebel) rations, I have seen, sufficient for the support of life for any long time."

SURGEON PETERS.—"The post-mortems have made apparent diseases of nearly all the viscera to a remarkable extent.† Under a spare but concentrated diet many have rallied. In one instance a boy gained fifty pounds in two weeks. I think nine-tenths of the men weighed under one hundred pounds. They had an uncontrollable appetite."

SURGEON CHAPEL.—"We were obliged

* See his evidence for a report at length of the results of the post-mortem examinations. Appendix p. 172.

† See Dr. Carpenter on Starvation, where fifty-two per cent of the starved were thus affected.

to treat them as children in regulating their diet, having to restrain their over-eating, and confine them to a concentrated, but nourishing and generous diet. Several cases had no disease whatever, but suffered from extreme emaciation and starvation * * * * * All gave evidence of extensive visceral disease, of which starvation, cold and neglect were undoubtedly the primary cause. Some of the cases sank from extreme debility, without any evidence of disease as the cause of death."

The professional opinions of these gentlemen, and the other incidental medical testimony scattered through the appendix, will, without doubt, be received with great weight by the reader. But, after all, the evidence of the men themselves, rudely and abruptly worded, and so often unconsciously graphic and pathetic, will come more convincingly to the popular heart.

It will be enough for most people that the captives were *hungry* day and night, and suffered the gnawing pains of famine, with its dreams and delusions. It will be enough that they became weak and emaciated to the degree in which they were found when exchanged. It will be enough that they were poisoned by foul air and over-crowding; and that they were exposed in the depth of winter to the cold, without shelter and without covering? It will be enough that thousands of them became hideously diseased, and that most of them miserably perished.

People do not need any other information in the face of such facts as these in order to come to a just conclusion, and yet there is a certainty and a satisfaction in scientific facts, and in the testimony of nature, which ought to be recognized in an investigation like this.

For this reason the commissioners made the investigation also a scientific one, and append a medical statement, prepared at their request by one of their number, drawn likewise from the evidence, the facts and arguments of which are fully indorsed by the medical members of the commission.

V.

Reported suffering of the Rebel Army, and Embarrassment of the Rebel Government for want of Supplies, as an Excuse for Denying Food and Clothing to United States Soldiers—The Impossibility of there being any such Deficiency—The Physical Condition of the Rebel Army perfect—Facts drawn from Rebel testimony.

It has been said, and has been the general impression, that the rebel government was itself embarrassed for want of supplies—that its own soldiers were naked and hungry, and that even the prison guards shared the privations of the prisoners.

It will be noticed that this excuse, urged strenuously by their friends, and half accepted by every one disposed to be moderate and just, after all, only accounts for a small portion of the conduct of the rebels to their captives.

Why were they robbed of their private property: the money, and the few trinkets a man usually carries with him? Or, if this was the uncontrollable habit of a wild soldiery, why was it the regular proceeding of the Libby authorities on the entrance of an officer? Why was it often done with brutal violence, when the person undergoing the process expostulated?

By whose connivance were the supplies of food and clothing, sent from the North, stolen? By whose neglect, or by whose order, were they withheld in immense quantities from men palpably starving and freezing?

How is it that—after three years of war, during which everything military had grown colossal and correspondingly complete, with them, as with us,—that no extensive barracks, even of the cheapest and frailest kind, offering, at least, space to move in, and shelter from the weather, were not erected; but that open encampments, or city warehouses too small for such occupation, continue in use to this day?

How is it that, even under such circumstances, supposing them, for some reason, unable to have done better, they made rules circumscribing the prisoners still further, exposing them to the poison of foul air, generated by unavoidable personal uncleanness, and by the equally unavoidable accumulations of filth under certain conditions of disease, for which either no provision was made, or if made, they were capriciously prevented from using?

Why, when over-crowding a building with captives, did they make an imaginary boundary line, two or three feet inside the windows, to be observed under penalty of instant death? How is it that the guards were not only permitted, by this regulation, to amuse themselves with taking the lives of the prisoners, upon certain given opportunities, but were negatively encouraged even to murder and assassination, by the indifference of the prison authorities?

* "Sometimes we were allowed to go to the privy, and sometimes we were not. We have been kept from it so much as three days, until we fouled the floor." Appendix, page 131.

"After we tunnelled out, we were only allowed to go to the privy six at a time; the floor was in one mess—filthy; an ordinary one horse wagon-load of human excrement on the floor every morning." Appendix, page 147.

"The enclosure on Belle Isle was a mass of filth every morning, from the inability of the men to proceed to the sinks after evening." Appendix, page 140.

And is there anything to account for the condition of their hospitals for prisoners? Even supposing them to be ill-supplied with medicines, there were common remedies, easily at hand, which were seldom administered—or supposing them to be ill-furnished with hospital comforts, even with sheets and bedding, there was no necessity for placing the *wounded*, as well as the sick, on beds too foul to approach, and afterward made still more offensive by the permitted accumulations of the secretions and putrid discharges of the patients.

Why, also, when their arrangements induced so much sickness and disease, did they leave the men to suffer, often for weeks, before they removed them (and then like sick animals) from the encampment or the prison to the hospital, often to die on the way, or as soon as they were put in the hands of a physician? Why did they discharge them when so feeble that they reeled back to the place of captivity, and even had to crawl thither on their hands and knees? Or why, as in one instance (and one, under such circumstances, may be many), did they subject them, even before they were convalescent and discharged, to such a punishment as confinement in a cell, exposure to cold, and deprivation of food?

These grave developments of the testimony, by no means new to many at the North, and occasionally the subject of newspaper report (though never in such detail as now related), have as yet elicited no excuse or explanation; and until an excuse or explanation comes, the government by whom such things are authorized, and the people by whose public sentiment such things are encouraged, will stand arraigned for almost immeasurable inhumanity and criminality before the civilized world.

But it is important that this matter of famine and freezing, suffered by our men, should take more than a negative place among the foregoing positive facts, as half explained away, if it should appear that neither were necessary or unavoidable.

These are the two worst developments of the inquiry—the facts cannot be denied, for no evidence was ever more closely knit in support of anything, and the question, therefore, lies open: Were the people who were capable of these other unaccountable and inexcusable acts, capable, also, of deliberately withholding necessary food from their prisoners of war, and furnishing them with what was indigestible and loathsome, when their own army was abundantly supplied with good and wholesome food? Were they capable, also, not only of depriving their prisoners of their own clothing, but also of withholding the issue of sufficient to keep them warm,

when the soldiers of their own army were well-equipped, and well-protected from exposure to the wet and cold?

But the inquiry cannot stop at this point. If they were capable of this, then they were capable of beholding, without compassion, their fellow beings subjected to the worst and most lingering agonies which humanity can endure. Putting together the act, and this insensibility to its consequences, what other deduction can be drawn, than that all was a pre-determined plan, originating somewhere in the rebel counsels, for destroying and disabling the soldiers of their enemy, who had honorably surrendered in the field?

And has it come to this? Has the oft-threatened black flag, the signal of a foe that has no mercy and gives no quarter, been floating all this time, not courageously on the battle field, but over prisons and hospitals in the South, full of surrendered and helpless men?

The commissioners, from the outset, considered this department of their investigation to be fully as important as the other, and were at equal pains to leave it no longer a matter of doubt whether or not the rebel government was unable to provide their prisoners with food and clothing, good and sufficient.

One fact was evident on the face of things, that no army could have endured such forced and violent marches, the fatigues and exposures of such desperate campaigning, and have kept up a spirit for such indomitable fighting, unless they had been well-equipped, and their physical condition had been maintained by every means, medical and commissary, known in a well regulated army.

The rebel authorities could not afford to swell their army by conscription on the one hand, and to let the material, thus obtained, escape its military use, by famine and disease on the other. The same arbitrary energy which could enforce the one, could provide against the other.

Nor are the quotations of Confederate prices any criterion by which to judge. The country is rich and fertile, if the Confederate currency is inflated and poor. Every agricultural resource of a soil and climate, unsurpassed by any other in the world, has been quickened to meet the emergency. The necessity has, also, in three years, developed other and unknown fountains of supply—all at the command of a strong, desperate, and despotic government, which has not hesitated to employ every means to keep its armies on the most perfect military footing.

This reasoning is borne out by the facts developed in the inquiry. The testimony will be found to be quite a revelation of the

rebel mode of sustaining an army and a war. Their efficiency in this respect must be admitted—an efficiency created partly by a greater aptitude and inclination for the single art of war, than for the many arts of peace; and partly by the deadly necessity they are under for the most strenuous possible defence of their rebellion, on account of the extraordinary power developed by the Government of the United States.

It appears, from the testimony, that the guards of the prisoners (of whose privations so much has been said) were better supplied with food than the prisoners. The question was frequently asked, and elicited the invariable reply, that they did not share the same ration. Their supply was of a different character, and was enough. Sometimes they threw fragments of food to the hungry captives on Belle Isle. It will be remembered, that at the time the Libby prisoners were so insufficiently fed, a room in the cellar was found stocked with provisions of excellent quality.

But no testimony on this point can be so satisfactory as that derived from the rebel soldiers themselves.

Several of the commissioners went directly from Annapolis to Washington for the express purpose of visiting and examining the rebel prisoners. They found a large number at the Lincoln Hospital. Although these prisoners were suffering from wounds received in the late battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, they were in a physical condition which alone was evidence enough of the care that had been taken of them by their own government. In every case they were healthy, hardy, vigorous men. There was scarcely a trace even of the terrible fatigue they had so recently endured. Better than all, as an indication of their condition, their wounds were healing as only the wounds of men in perfect health can heal.

Nine, out of the whole number, were examined under oath. The formal testimony stopped at this number, as it was found by conversation, that all had the same account to give, and it was needless to multiply depositions. They came from six of the principal States of the Confederacy. Two were from Virginia, two from South Carolina, two from Georgia, one from Mississippi, one from North Carolina, and one from Alabama.

In order to make the inquiry more complete and satisfactory, certain members of the Commission afterwards visited Fort Delaware, and the Hospital on David's Island, New York, at both which stations rebels were confined, and the testimony of eleven more was procured. The men were from Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina and Mississippi.

The evidence of these three separate sets of witnesses, which has been placed together, was given without hesitation, and is uniform and reliable. Any amount of such could have been procured, but that which has been taken will be found full enough.

The result of the whole amounts to this: In the words of one of them—"They had nothing to complain of in the way of food and clothing." They were supplied with rations, only a few ounces less than the over-generous ration of the United States army.

The quality of the rebel ration was as satisfactory to the rebels as the quantity. The corn-bread was excellent, made by themselves from fine meal. One of them naively observed that he preferred it to Northern meal! They had never had any meal furnished them of that quality which was ground with the cobs and husks, and in which whole grains of corn occasionally appeared. This inferior kind, they said, was "given to stock."

The only time in which they suffered any privation was on a forced march, when they were in advance of their supplies—a matter liable to occur in any army.

In winter they lived in cabins or tents, well warmed, and well supplied with fuel. None ever suffered from the cold. In summer they were sheltered by tents, but these they left behind when on a campaign. They were fully supplied with clothing and with blankets or oilcloths. A requisition on the quartermaster could always procure any article that was necessary. When engaged in active service, however, they carried as little as possible, only the clothes they had on and a single blanket, but no man was restricted as to the amount he might carry. It may be imagined what a condition they were in, under this system, as respects dirt, vermin, and rags, after a long campaign and a pitched battle.

They describe the hospitals, both in the city and in the field, as comfortable, and with sufficient medical attendance. The bedding and sheets in Hospital No. 4, in Richmond, was said by one of them to be fully as good as those on David's Island, New York. There were also the usual delicacies for the sick.

From all this, it appears that the Southern army has been, ever since its organization, completely equipped in all necessary respects, and that the men have been supplied with everything which would keep them in the best condition of mind and body, for the hard and desperate service in which they were engaged. They knew nothing of famine or freezing. Their wounded and sick were never neglected.

So do the few details of fact that could be

extracted, without suspicion of their object, from the soldiers of the Southern army, confirm the reasoning which accounts for its efficiency.

The conclusion is inevitable. It was in their power to feed sufficiently, and to clothe, whenever necessary, their prisoners of war. They were perfectly able to include them in their military establishment; but they chose to exclude them from the position always assigned to such, and in no respect to treat them like men taken in honorable warfare. Their commonest soldier was never compelled, by hunger, to eat the disgusting rations furnished at the Libby to United States officers. Their most exposed encampment, however temporary, never beheld the scenes of suffering which occurred daily and nightly among United States soldiers in the encampment on Belle Isle.

The excuse and explanation are swept away. There is nothing now between the Northern people and the dreadful reality.

VI.

The treatment of rebel prisoners at United States Stations—The humane orders of the Government—Scene at Lincoln Hospital—Interior of the Station at Fort Delaware—The Hospital on David's Island—Johnson's Island—Point Lookout—Tender care of sick and wounded Rebels at all these Stations—Kind treatment of the wounded prisoners—Abundant shelter, fuel, clothing, and food furnished them—Facilities for bathing and exercise—Small mortality—No robbing—No shooting—No abuse—Christian burial of the dead—The contrast of the Union and Rebel prisoners at the moment of exchange.

THE moment has now come for the reverse to this melancholy picture, and it will be as grateful to the American people at large, as it was to the Commissioners.

Early in the progress of their investigation, while in the midst of the sufferers taking their testimony, and occasionally hearing floating and irresponsible rumors of equal neglect and cruelty on our part toward the rebel prisoners in our hands, they determined to make a full inquiry into the conduct and management of United States Stations where they were confined.

A large proportion of the testimony will be found devoted to this department. The variety and the widely separate sources of the evidence, will only make more conspicuous its absolute unity and truth. It reveals an impressive contrast, point for point, with that which has just been narrated, and has turned out to be entirely confirmatory of what Quartermaster-General Meigs declares in his letter,* "that such prisoners are

treated with all the consideration and kindness that might be expected of a humane and Christian people."

The design of the Government is fully exhibited in the circular orders issued by Colonel Hoffman, Commissary-General of Prisoners.†

The ration was to be generous and abundant; its elements of the fullest variety. The amount issued being greater than a man could consume, the excess over that which was given, was to go to the formation of a Prison fund, which was to be applied in various ways, (not expressly provided for in the army regulations,) that would promote the health and comfort of the prisoners.

Army clothing was to be furnished by requisition, whenever needed, the only difference being that the buttons and trimmings were to be taken from the coats, and the skirts cut so short that the captives should not be mistaken for United States soldiers.

Careful accounts were to be kept of the money and valuables taken from each prisoner, which accounts were to accompany him, if transferred from one post to another; and when paroled, the articles were to be returned. They were to be permitted to correspond with their friends. All articles that were sent to them were to be delivered, if not contraband.

The hospital had its separate provisions. The keepers in charge were to be "responsible to the commanding officer for its good order, and the proper treatment of the sick." A fund for each hospital was to be created, as in other United States hospitals, and to be expended for the comfort of the sick, and "objects indispensably necessary to promote the sanitary condition of the hospital."

The minute directions of the entire order look equally to the security of the prisoners, and to all that is necessary for them in health or sickness.

The commissioners are able to testify that the order is fully carried out. They took pains not only to procure evidence as to the fact, but to see for themselves.

Two members of the Commission came, without previous notice, to the Lincoln hospital in Washington, where they had heard that several hundred of the rebels lay, having been wounded in the recent battles. The chief object of the visitors at the time has been already mentioned. But they were able also to observe how well the hospital was conducted.

Although arriving at an unseasonable

* See page 197.

† The whole document will be found on page 203.

hour, when the surgeons and nurses were examining and dressing the wounds, they were instantly admitted, with marked and cordial courtesy, by Chief Surgeon McKee, upon his learning the mission upon which they had come.

The wards were airy and neat, free from offensive odor, the beds so clean that the visitors sat upon them while taking testimony. The men themselves were cheerful and good-natured, the more slightly wounded crowding up curiously to know what was going on, until requested to retire. Some were sitting by their beds reading novels or odd numbers of periodicals, now and then a bible. They were always ready to converse, and answered the questions that were put to them without hesitation.

The visitors could see no difference in these two wards from the twenty or more others in the same hospital that were appropriated to the United States soldiers. The patients were mostly in clean, white underclothing, and if it had not been for a figure in butternut-colored uniform here and there, nothing would have suggested the presence of an enemy.

The wounds were being tenderly unbandaged and dressed by the surgeons and their assistants. Kindness and attention were visible everywhere. Female nurses and a white-hooded Sister of Charity were constantly moving from bed to bed. One of them was seen carrying a waiter of iced porter to the wounded, and holding the glass to the lips of the more helpless.

The spectacle was in remarkable contrast with that which had been described by Dr. Ferguson, only the evening before, as witnessed by him in Hospital No. 21, Richmond, where our soldiers lay amid the secretions of their body, and the purulent discharges of their wounds, dying of neglect, and for want of the commonest medical attention.

Some time after this, two members of the commission made an especial visit to Fort Delaware, for the express purpose of examining into the prison and hospital arrangements there, in order to give, in this narrative, their own direct testimony and description, as well as whatever evidence they might be able to collect.

They fixed upon Fort Delaware because it was one of the most extensive of the United States stations for prisoners of war, and because it had been the object of various rebel reports.*

The following description is from notes taken on the spot by one of the party, and written out immediately afterward:

"The prisoners numbering between eight and nine thousand were lodged outside the walls of the fort, (which is situated on an island,) in well built and ventilated barracks, and have free access at all hours to the adjoining enclosures for air and exercise. They were permitted, and, indeed, urged to bathe in squads in the river and to wash in sluices to which the tide had access twice in the twenty-four hours, and the facilities for these purposes were so great that any man might, if he chose, wash his whole person every day, and swim in the Delaware twice a week.

"Every man is furnished with a commodious bunk, with the head raised at a proper inclination above the feet, presenting a striking contrast to a Confederate prison, where prisoners sleep on the floor, or on the earth, and have not even a bunch of straw between them and the ground.

"The result of these precautions, and of the superior ventilation of the barracks was to render the quarters of the prisoners free from the unpleasant odor which generally exists where large number of men are brought together, and compelled to live in common. The same remark applies to the hospitals, which are spacious, clean, and in good order.

"When we went through the barracks, shortly before sunset, the men were generally out of doors walking about, talking, playing cards, washing, or occupying themselves in other ways. They appeared in general, contented and cheerful. Many of them had improvised sutler's shops, and were seated on the ground or boxes, selling coffee, broiled ham, bread, and other articles of food to their comrades, who were gathered around laughing and chatting.

"The means to prosecute this traffic came, we were told, from sympathizing friends in different parts of the Union, and from small sums of money paid as wages to such of the men as were willing to be detailed to perform various duties outside of the barracks at different points on the island. We tasted the coffee, which was sold for five cents a pint, and found it well made and palatable.

"Much good humor seemed to prevail, and there was not a little good-natured laughter while we were making the purchase. We were struck by the assured yet affable air with which General Schöpfung moved through

* A recent specimen from the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 14th. Speaking of some returned prisoners, the account runs: "They were subsequently imprisoned at Fort Delaware, where those who had money fared pretty well, but others, less fortunate, suffered many privations.

They state, that the condition of the Confederate prisoners at that point is deplorable in the extreme, and strongly urge the adoption of some measures for their relief. Sickness is very prevalent among them, while the rations are meagre and of poor quality."

the dense throng that pressed to look at the visitors. He was unattended even by an orderly. His manner indicated a consciousness that he had nothing to fear from individual resentment.

"In addition to the water of the river which, as already stated, is accessible at all times for the purposes of cleanliness, thirty thousand gallons of drinking water are brought every day from the Brandywine, and distributed among the prisoners and the soldiers of the garrison, by means of large hose and a forcing pump worked by a steam engine. Health and comfort are therefore studied in this as in other particulars, but it was at first found difficult to prevent the prisoners from drinking from shallow wells dug by themselves, the water of which is brackish, and has a tendency to produce disease.

"The rations issued to the prisoners were the subject of an attentive examination. We tasted the bread, which is made of four parts of flour and one of Indian meal, and found it of superior quality, sweet and palatable; better indeed than is met with at hotels or places of resort in the country; quite as good as may be found in any well-ordered family. The meat was also sweet and of good quality. The diet is judiciously varied, potatoes and fresh vegetables being furnished in large quantities, wherever the health of the men appears to require it. The rations actually received by the prisoners until the 1st of June, 1864, were nearly three pounds of solid food for each man per day, besides coffee, sugar, molasses, etc. The quantity was then reduced to about thirty-four and a half ounces per diem.*

"The health of the prisoners is as carefully considered in the matter of clothing, as in other respects; those who require blankets or additional garments being supplied with them on proper application. Large numbers of coats, pantaloons, etc., were issued in this way during the past and previous winters. When a prisoner is placed on the sick list, and taken to the hospital, he is put in a warm bath, supplied with clean under-clothing, and then laid on a bed with clean sheets, in an airy apartment, where his condition is, so far as his disease will permit, one not only of comparative but absolute comfort.

"The percentage of deaths at Fort Delaware was, during some months of last autumn and winter, large. This result arose from a

variety of causes originating before the prisoners were captured and brought to the island, and which the officers there could not at first remove or control. Among these may be enumerated the want of vaccination, which seems to be as rare among the poorer classes of the South as it is general at the North; the attempts made by the prisoners to vaccinate each other, which often caused disease of a dangerous type from the character of the virus employed; and the bad state of the body of many of the men taken at and near Vicksburg, who were broken down by hardships and fatigues sustained before their capture, as well as by the influence of the terrible malaria of the South.

"But while the ratio of mortality among the American soldiers in the hands of the rebels has continued to augment with time, the health of the Confederate prisoners at Fort Delaware has, on the contrary, improved under the influence of good food or kind treatment, until in May, 1864, but sixty-two died out of eight thousand one hundred and twenty-six confined at the island.

"The cruel and unusual rule by which an approach to the windows from inadvertence, or for the most innocent purpose, is made an offense punishable with death in the Confederate prisons, is, it need hardly be said, unknown in Fort Delaware. Few restraints are imposed, and those only such as are imperatively necessary for the preservation of order and cleanliness among a numerous and motley crowd, which necessarily contains some men of gross and filthy habits.*

Shooting was never resorted to unless a rule was grossly and persistently violated. Even then the direction was to order the prisoner "three distinct times to halt;" and if he "failed to halt, when so ordered, the sentinel must enforce his order by bayonet or ball." There were but five instances of shooting, under these instructions, and they were in every case in obedience to them.

It is hardly worth while to notice the question whether any were shot for looking out of the windows. No such order was ever given in this, or any other United States Station. Here the windows were seen filled with the prisoners.

The Commissioners are under great obligations to General Schöpf, Commander of the Post, for the courtesy shown them, in personally conducting them over the station, and to the surgeons and officers in attendance, who readily furnished all the evidence that was asked for. It was here that the documents, the general circular, the orders, and the schedules of rations and clothing were obtained.

* "The reduction recently made in the prisoners' rations," writes Quartermaster-General Meigs, June 6th, "was for the purpose of bringing it nearer to what the rebel authorities profess to allow their soldiers, and no complaint has been heard of its insufficiency."

* From notes by Judge Hare.

The testimony is exceedingly full and satisfactory on all points. It will be noticed that a prison fund was formed, in accordance with the regulations, from the excess of the ration *issued* over the ration *given*, and that the amount was spent for vegetables, and articles of convenience. But even with this withholding of part, so great was the abundance of food, that the prisoners hid loaves of bread, crackers and meat under the bunks. These were repeatedly found there in large quantities during an examination of the barracks.

Capt. Clark was able to save sometimes between two and three thousand dollars a month out of surplus rations, and yet every care was taken that too much was not withheld. The overseers were frequently asked if the prisoners complained of not having enough, and were ordered "to give them more, and let no man want." A complaint was scarcely ever heard.

It will be noticed what enormous quantities of clothing were issued, at this post alone, to the prisoners. In eight months over thirty-five thousand articles were distributed, comprising every species of clothing from shoes and stockings, shirts and drawers, to woollen blankets and great coats. Most of these were given on the approach of cold weather.

Every one without a blanket or overcoat of his own was provided with one. All had at least two blankets, and those who were delicate had more.

The barracks were made comfortable by stoves. Fuel was never wanting, and the fires were kept up by attendants. No less than thirteen hundred tons of coal were consumed last winter and spring by the prisoners.

In hot weather equal provision was made for their comfort, especially in the hospitals. The visitors noticed in the latter, even green shades covering the windows, and a water-cooler in every ward, filled with ice, for the free use of the patients.

Gen. Schöpf informed the visitors that in every case of death, the body was removed to a neat grave yard on the opposite shore, and the burial service of the Episcopal church was read over the grave.

It was found, by further investigation, that the arrangements of every other United States Prison Station and Hospital were the same as those of Fort Delaware. The same regulations were observed in all. The identical diet-table, containing the minute directions of the Surgeon-General at Washington, was hung up as conspicuously in the hospital for rebels as that for the United States soldier.

The De Camp General Hospital, on Da-

vid's Island, New York, was a counterpart of that just described. The testimony taken by one of the commissioners, is almost a repetition of that taken at Fort Delaware. The only variations which occur are additions to the facts already recited.

None of the prisoners were ever deprived of money or valuables. Some of them had arrived in a filthy, horrible condition, ragged, barefooted and bareheaded, covered with vermin, (a condition easily accounted for by the peculiar and desperate style of Southern campaigning, where no tents or baggage were allowed to encumber, and the soldier had to wear the same unchanged suit through many days of forced marching and violent fighting.) Within a few hours the men, having been stripped of all their clothing, which was removed and burned, were washed, furnished with clean linen, and placed on clean, well-aired beds. Full suits of clothing were issued to them. When the weather became cold they were removed from tents to spacious pavilions, furnished with abundant fuel. No one was ever frostbitten. None were ever shot at. They were given the whole island inside the line of sentries for exercise. Formerly they had been allowed to go fishing and clamming, till several escaped, when the line of sentries was placed on the beach.

They had precisely the same rations as the Federal sick and wounded. Drinking water, cooled with ice, was furnished in profusion. Soap, towels, and combs were distributed for their private use. There was a nurse to every ten of them.*

It will not surprise the reader to hear of the small mortality, although nine-tenths were suffering from wounds.

One most pleasing feature of this hospital is developed in the testimony of Rev. Mr. Lowry, its chaplain. A library of two thousand volumes, formerly used by the United States soldiers, was even more used by the Confederates. They were furnished with Bibles, Prayer Books, and other religious publications. Religious services were held twice on Sunday, and two or three times during the week. The chapel, which would accommodate three hundred, was often crowded. Whenever a death occurred, the funeral was conducted according to the form of the Episcopal church.

Johnson's Island, in Ohio, has been an especial subject of rebel mis-statements. It is a pleasant, healthy spot, three hundred acres in extent, in Sandusky Bay, close in the neighborhood of Kelley's Island, which is a

* Each pavilion had from two to four water closets. Chairs and bed pans were provided for those unable to reach them. Ample structures were also erected on the beach.

favorite place of summer resort. The two Islands are much alike.

The climate is testified to be as favorable to health as that of Newport or Saratoga in summer, or Cincinnati and Dayton in winter. Like Fort Delaware it is a military prison and hospital. The buildings are spacious, new, and in good order. The sanitary and other regulations of similar stations are observed here in all particulars.

Although in winter the weather was so cold that the lake was frozen to the main land, three miles distant, and the government teams, conveying supplies, were able to cross upon the ice, yet so well warmed were the barracks, that not a single instance of treatment for exposure to cold was known, except in the case of some who attempted to escape.

A spacious square, enclosed by the buildings, was given up to the prisoners for exercise, and they were allowed to be in the open air all day.

The statistics of mortality will be astonishing to read, after hearing the rebel stories. In twenty-one months, out of an aggregate of six thousand four hundred and ten prisoners, there were only one hundred and thirty-four deaths. The number in prison at one time never exceeded two thousand seven hundred. In the months of May and June last, there were about two thousand three hundred prisoners. In May five died; in June only one!

Point Lookout was still another post which had been subjected to the rebel statement that the prisoners there suffered from cruelty and neglect. Miss Dix, who visited those very prisoners, sufficiently disposes of the slander. She says, "They were supplied with vegetables, with the best wheat bread, and fresh and salt meat three times daily in abundant measure — the full government ration."

"In the camp of about nine thousand rebel prisoners, there were but four hundred reported to the surgeon. Of these one hundred were confined to their beds, thirty were very sick, and perhaps fifteen or twenty would never recover."

"The hospital food consisted of beef-tea, beef-soup, rice, milk-punch, milk, gruel, lemonade, stewed fruits, beefsteak, vegetables, and mutton. White sugar was employed in cooking. The supplies were, in fact, more ample and abundant than in hospitals where our own men were under treatment."

The surgeons of the various hospitals, in several instances, allude to the excellent condition of the prisoners when discharged and exchanged, and in the statement of Miss Dix will be found a brief description of their appearance when leaving the flag-of-truce

boat for their own lines: "All were in vigorous health, equipped in clothes furnished by the United States Government, many of them with blankets and haversacks."

And here terminates the contrast, which the reader has probably been drawing throughout, between the military stations for prisoners, North and South, Union and Rebel.

But the contrast must have been overwhelming at the point to which this narrative has now come. When the flag-of-truce boat landed within the rebel lines, the two systems confronted each other. On one side, hundreds of feeble, emaciated men, ragged, filthy, hungry, diseased, and dying; on the other an equal number of strong and hearty men, clad in the army clothing of the Government against which they had fought, having been humanely sheltered, fed, cleansed of dirt, cured of wounds and disease, and now honorably returned to fight that Government again.

The public sentiment of the North, outraged as it may have been, would never have permitted any other than this Christian and magnanimous course.

VII.

The three points now investigated — The conclusion of the Commissioners — These privations and sufferings were designedly inflicted — The late appeal to Divine and human judgment upon their cause by the rebel government — The spirit of that cause identical with the spirit which originated and defends it.

SUCH are the facts which have been brought to light by the inquiry of the Commissioners.

There were three points before them to be investigated. They were requested to ascertain "the true physical condition of the prisoners recently discharged by exchange from confinement at Richmond and elsewhere." They were also requested to ascertain whether these prisoners "did in fact, during such confinement, suffer materially for want of food, or from its defective quality, or from other privations and sources of disease."

This duty has been performed, and the result is now before the public.

There was one other point which the Commissioners were requested to make clear: "Whether the privations and sufferings of the prisoners were *designedly* inflicted on them by military or other authority of the rebel government, or were due to causes which such authorities could not control."

This question has already been alluded to digressively, but its full answer properly belongs to this stage of the narrative, when the whole field of the investigation is before the reader.

The feeling lingered in the minds of the Commissioners as the investigation went on, that this dreadful condition of things might be attributable to even other causes than the possible destitution of the rebel government. This latter consideration, it will be remembered, was, at an early moment, entirely disposed of. Any unconscious or unintentional form of crime is less reprehensible than that which is knowingly or deliberately committed. The question therefore suggested itself whether all this might not have been owing to the negligence and incompetence incident to an immature social system, or to the thoughtlessness of a reckless people, or to the mismanagement of an improvident government. This was the only alternative, and was sufficiently discreditable. But it was altogether more probable that a whole people and government could unite in being thoughtlessly and inconsiderately cruel, than consciously and purposely so. The latter was something too revolting to be entertained or believed. The whole current of public feeling and public principle generated by the spread of Christianity, and the progress of civilization, is so averse to anything of the kind that the majority of people are made almost incapable of comprehending, or even imagining such a state of mind in any community.

And yet it is to this very conclusion that every one must come who carefully weighs the testimony. Every doubt and misgiving successively disappears. No other theory will cover the immensity and variety of that system of abuse to which our soldiers are subjected. That abuse is, in all its forms, too general, too uniform, and too simultaneous to be otherwise than the result of a great arrangement. One prison-station is like another—one hospital resembles another hospital. This has been made especially apparent by intelligence that has reached the public just as this investigation is closing, and this report is being written. The remote prison at Tyler, in Texas, sends out a tale of suffering identical with that described in these pages. It was only a few weeks ago, that the streets of New Orleans beheld a regiment of half-starved and half-naked men, who had just been released from that station. Still more heart-rending is the later account, given in a memorial to the President, from Andersonville, Georgia, and in the full description, verified on oath, of what is now being suffered there by the imprisoned soldiers of our army. It would appear to be Belle-Isle five times enlarged, and ten-fold intensified. An enormous multitude of thirty-five thousand men are crowded together in a square enclosure or stockade of about twenty-five acres, with a noxious

swamp at the centre, occupying one-fourth of the whole space. Here the prisoners suffer not only the privations already mentioned, but others peculiar to circumstances of a worse description.* In this pestilential prison they are dying at the rate of one hundred and thirty a day, *on an average!* The Commissioners allude to this station not as part of the evidence taken by themselves, but as an interesting, authentic, and corroborative illustration of the point now under consideration.

It is the same story everywhere;—prisoners of war treated worse than convicts, shut up either in suffocating buildings, or in outdoor enclosures, without even the shelter that is provided for the beasts of the field; unsupplied with sufficient food; supplied with food and water injurious and even poisonous; compelled to live in such personal uncleanness as to generate vermin; compelled to sleep on floors often covered with human filth, or on ground saturated with it; compelled to breathe an air oppressed with an intolerable stench; hemmed in by a fatal dead-line, and in hourly danger of being shot by unrestrained and brutal guards; despondent even to madness, idiocy and suicide; sick of diseases (so congruous in character as to appear and spread like the plague) caused by the torrid sun, by decaying food, by filth, by vermin, by malaria, and by cold; removed at the last moment, and by hundreds at a time, to hospitals corrupt as a sepulchre, there, with few remedies, little care and no sympathy, to die in wretchedness and despair, not only among strangers, but among enemies too resentful to have pity or to show mercy.

These are positive facts. Tens of thousands of helpless men have been and are now being disabled and destroyed by a process as certain as poison, and as cruel as the torture or burning at the stake, because nearly as agonizing and more prolonged. This spectacle is daily beheld and allowed by the rebel government.

No supposition of negligence, or thoughtlessness, or indifference, or accident, or inefficiency, or destitution, or necessity, can account for all this. So many and such positive forms of abuse and wrong cannot come from negative causes.

The conclusion is unavoidable, therefore, that "these privations and sufferings" have been "designedly inflicted by the military and other authority of the rebel government," and cannot have been "due to causes which such authorities could not control."

Further than this, the Commissioners are not required to express an opinion. Whether

* For the full account see Supplement, page 259.

or not they are the result of an infuriated and vindictive animosity against the Federal government and people, or the result of a pre-determined policy, deliberately formed, to discourage and affright our soldiers, to destroy them, or to disable them for further military service, or to compel our Government to an exchange on other than the terms to which it is in honor and by necessity committed, the public are in a position to decide.

The Commissioners have now performed their painful task. It has not been a grateful duty to narrate facts so unworthy of any people, especially of one heretofore so highly respected, so much admired, and in so many respects a credit to the American name. That name is shamed and dishonored by their exposure.

But there is one source of pride and congratulation; that, whatever abuses may have been developed on the Northern side of this war, none of them were originated or sanctioned by the government. In every case they have been the impulsive acts of subordinates here and there; and such are incident to any conflict. The noble and magnanimous manner in which the government treats the enemies to its peace and prosperity, when they have become helpless prisoners in its hands, is, alone, a sufficient manifestation of the spirit which animates it in waging this war. No sentiment of anger or resentment has actuated it from the beginning. The condition of its prison stations and hospitals is the best and proudest exponent of the cause of humanity which it seeks to maintain. This praise will be awarded it by the historian and by posterity, when the story of this stupendous struggle shall be written.

Can as much be said of the cause which stands in opposition to it? The facts of this narrative, and of others that will be yet more complete, will also enter into the future history of this conflict, but will form its most tragical chapter. It will in that day be known whether the spirit which animates the South is not also the spirit which has generated the cause of the South. The spirit which animates a cause gives the character to that cause. A people like an individual is estimated by its actions and by its motives.

Perhaps the world will yet discover a strange and reciprocal working of influences in the production of that which now opposes the republican progress of this government.

Perhaps the social theory, already so widely accepted, may yet be fully established, which attributes the alienation of the Southern people to a simple difference of feeling on a question of humanity. A too positive denial of humanity to another race, and a too positive contempt for a poorer class of

their own race, have fostered those perverted principles, which would undermine a government filled with a more generous idea, and excite a hatred toward the people who would uphold it. As an exponent of the inhumanity of the Southern cause, it is not unjust, therefore, to point to its prisons and hospitals, where disregard of the sacredness of human life, and the cry of human suffering, has such an extraordinary manifestation.

And in the face of all this, the confederate congress, with the approval of the confederate president, issued, on the 14th of June last, a manifesto, of which the following is the concluding declaration:

"We commit our cause to the enlightened judgment of the world, to the sober reflections of our adversaries themselves, and to the solemn and righteous arbitrament of Heaven."

Can this appeal, to both Divine and human judgment, be really sincere, or is it only a rounded and rhetorical termination of a state paper? Is the rebel government really so unconscious of this barbarous warfare, that it confidently expects the respect and sympathy of the civilized world? Is it really so unconscious of vindictive cruelty, that it confidently expects a revulsion in its favor from a community whose fathers and brothers and sons lie piled by thousands in pits and trenches, not on the battle-field but in the neighborhood of prisons and hospitals? Is it really so unconscious of crime that it claims even the favorable judgment of Him, unto whom all hearts are open, from whom no secrets are hid, and who requires of man to deal justly and to love mercy? Is it really anxious to stand before that bar whose final discrimination between good and evil it has been revealed, shall rest upon the single fact of humanity or inhumanity, whether the passions of anger and hate have been controlled, whether enemies have been forgiven, whether privation and suffering have been relieved? In view of the powerless captive, hungry, naked, sick and wounded, does it really await "the solemn and righteous arbitrament" of Him, to-day, who will hereafter say to the cruel and the unmerciful:

"I was an hungred, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not?"

Let the Southern conscience listen! Let it remember that the judgment of Heaven is on the side of humanity, and against cruelty and oppression; that a wrong done to a man is a wrong done to God, who will make the cause of the suffering His own, and will avenge Himself on His enemies:

"Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye

did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me!"

And here the Commissioners leave the subject. Their inquiry was originated, and has been pursued, in the hope that it might, by awakening further attention, be one of the means which would bring about an abandonment by the rebel government of its prison and hospital system. The many and simultaneous exposures which have been made, may possibly induce, at least, a prudence which may work the same result as a better motive. Already there are symptoms of some such movement, and of an admission, even at this late moment, of the misery that has been produced, a movement and admission whether made from necessity or self-interest does not yet appear.*

* It has not been thought necessary to allude to the subject of the suspension of the cartel of exchange, as it had but little bearing on the points to be investigated. But the lately published letter from Major General Butler, Commissioner of Exchange, to the Confederate Commissioner, Ould, is of interest and importance at the present juncture. It will be found printed entire in the supplement.

The following extract from General Butler's letter

But whatever the event may be, this inquiry will have worked its best purpose, if its facts should ever reach that nobler portion of the Southern people, who are really chivalrous and really religious, who have not been committed to these abuses, who have not been kept in ignorance of them, and lead to a protest and revulsion that will compel their government to a repudiation of the iniquity, and to a course more worthy of a civilized and christian people.

has a connection with the above remark in the report:

"I unite with you cordially, Sir, in desiring a speedy settlement of all these questions, in view of the great suffering endured by our prisoners in the hands of your authorities, of which you so feelingly speak. Let me ask, in view of that suffering, why you have delayed eight months to answer a proposition, which, by now accepting, you admit to be right, just, and humane, allowing that suffering to continue so long? One cannot help thinking, even at the risk of being deemed uncharitable, that the benevolent sympathies of the Confederate authorities have been lately stirred by the depleted condition of their armies, and a desire to get into the field, to effect the present campaign, the hale, hearty, and well-fed prisoners held by the United States, in exchange for the half-starved, sick, emaciated, and unserviceable soldiers of the United States now languishing in your prisons."

The following paper having been read before the Commission, by Dr. WALLACE, it was, on motion of Dr. DELAFIELD, adopted by the Commission, and ordered to be appended to their Report.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Food—Quantity of Food for a Man—Character of Food—Relation of Food to Temperature—Ration of the Soldiers—Treatment of Rebel Prisoners at U. S. Stations—Rations—Clothing, Shelter and Fuel—Condition of Rebel Prisoners—Treatment of Union Prisoners in Rebel Hands—Rations of Union Prisoners—Quantity of Ration—Character and Quality of the Ration—Ill Effects of the Rations—No Variety in rations of Union Prisoners—Comparison of rations of Union and of Rebel Prisoners—Consequence of Deficient Food—Diseases Produced by Insufficient Food—Insufficient nutriment is Starvation—Privations other than of Food—Crowd Poisoning—Uncleanliness Compelled—Condition of Union Prisoners—Clothing and Warmth vs. Starvation—The Sick and Feeble liable to Freeze—Men Frozen—Numbers diseased as above—Management of the Sick—Starvation in Flanders—Cause of condition and Mortality of returned Union Prisoners—Treatment of Sick Union Prisoners—Mortality in Rebel Hospitals for Union Prisoners—Mortality in U. S. A. Hospital—Mortality at Belle Isle—Mortality at Andersonville—Mortality at Fort Delaware—Mortality at Johnson's Island—Additional Mortality—Kindness of Rebel Surgeons.

To Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Chairman, etc.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—

According to the direction of the Commission, I lay before you certain considerations relating to the treatment adopted by the authorities of the States in rebellion towards United States soldiers held by them as prisoners of war, with the view of determining the influence of this treatment upon the hygiene and mortality of its subjects. I shall ground my remarks upon the evidence ap-

pended—upon the opinions of reliable scientific authorities—and to some, though slight degree, upon our own personal observation.

Food.

In investigating the subject before us, the question of food takes rank as of first importance; and, in considering this point, there are certain well established facts relating to the subject of alimentation, to which we must refer.

Quantity of Food for a man.

In deciding upon the quantity of food requisite for the due support of a man, Professor Dalton* says that "any estimate of the total quantity should state also the kind of food used," as the total quantity will necessarily vary with the quality, since some articles contain much more alimentary material than others." And Surgeon-General Hammond†

Character of Food.

says, "it is necessary that the food of man should consist of a *variety of substances*, in order that the several functions of the organism may be properly carried on; no fact in dietetics is better established than this." And Professor Dunglison‡ speaks to the same end thus: "man is so organized as to be adapted for living on both animal and vegetable substances, and if we lay aside our mixed nutriment, and restrict ourselves wholly to the products of the one or the other kingdom, scurvy supervenes.§

Dalton states that the amount of solid food required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health and taking free exercise in the open air, is, of bread, nineteen ounces; meat, sixteen ounces; and butter, three and a half ounces; in all, thirty-eight and a half ounces." Hammond places the amount of solid food "required to maintain the organism of a healthy adult American, up to the full measure of physical and mental capability, at about forty ounces, of which two-thirds should be vegetable, and one-third animal."

Moreover, due *variety in the food* is but second in importance to sufficient quantity. (See Pereira on food and diet.) In fact, the last named physiologist declares that "no matter how nutritious food may be, it is far better to exchange it for that even less nutritious, than to continue an unvarying sameness."

Relation of food to temperature.

And as to the relation of food to temperature: "In temperate climates, the seasons exercise an influence, not only over the quality, but the quantity of food taken into the system. Most persons eat more in winter than in summer. The cause is doubtless to be found in the fact, that, in cold weather a greater quantity of respiratory food is required in order to keep up the animal heat, than in hot weather, when the external temperature more nearly approaches the temperature of the body.|| "He who is well fed," observes

* Human Physiology.

† Treatise on Hygiene.

‡ Human Health.

§ Professor Wood, in his Treatise on Practice of Medicine, defines *Scurvy* to be a disease in which "the blood is depraved, and the system debilitated, with a tendency to hemorrhage and to local congestions."

|| Hammond's Hygiene.

Sir John Ross, "resists cold better than the man who is stinted, while the starvation from cold follows but too soon a starvation in food." And Sir John Franklin, in his narrative of a journey to the Polar sea, writes, "no quantity of clothing could keep us warm while we fasted." "In tropical climates and in hot seasons, the system requires a smaller quantity of food than in colder countries and in cold seasons."* Individuals whose business requires much bodily exertion, or that they should spend much of their time in the open air, eat more than those of sedentary habits. And we have, from the authority of Carpenter, in his work on Human Physiology, that "a considerable reduction in the amount of food sufficient for men in regular active exercise, is, of course, admissible where little bodily exertion is required, and where there is less exposure to low temperatures."

Ration of the soldier.

The ration of the British Soldier is, at home stations, sixteen ounces of bread and twelve ounces of uncooked meat; at foreign stations, four ounces more of meat are allowed. Any extras are bought by the soldier out of his own funds. The French soldier in the Crimea had forty-two and five-eighths ounces of solid food, about ten and a half ounces of which were animal, the rest vegetable. In time of peace his ration is less. "The American soldier is better fed than any other in the world. This is proved by the healthy condition of the troops. *Scurvy, one of the first diseases to make its appearance when the food is of inferior quality, has prevailed to so slight an extent, &c.*"† His ration of solid food‡ is about fifty-two and a half ounces, with a fair range for *variety*; and extra issues of pickles, fruits, and special vegetables, are made, when the medical officers deem them necessary. This ration is more than the man is generally able to consume, and the surplus is resold to the government for his benefit.

Treatment of Rebel Prisoners at U. S. Stations.—Rations.

The rations *issued* for the rebel soldiers held by our government as prisoners of war, were the same as for the United States garrison troops and soldiers on active service, except the bread ration, which was four ounces less; and the amount *given*, was, of solid food, forty-three ounces, besides extra vegetables, etc., sometimes, which were (see Captain Clark's evidence) procured by sale of the surplus, as above noted in the case of the Federal troops. No material change was made until the first of June, 1864, since which date the amount *given* was reduced to

* Pereira, Food and Diet.

† Hammond's Hygiene.

‡ Assuming soft bread and fresh beef as the basis.

thirty-four and a half ounces, while the range for variety of articles remained unchanged, and from the excess of the rations issued, the surplus fund for the use of the prisoners was larger than before. That this amount will be sufficient for comfort and health in the warm weather, and under the inactive life of the prisoner, we must infer from the statements of Pereira, Hammond, and Carpenter (above), and may likewise consider proven by the fact, that at Fort Delaware, even in the cold weather of the past winters, the prisoners could not consume all that was given them, and that large quantities of food were secreted, and wasted by them.* By authority of the War Department, the same REGULATIONS as are observed at all stations, where prisoners of war are held,† and of course at all such stations, the same general condition of things must prevail.

Clothing, shelter, and fuel.

Our evidence exhibits that all needful *clothing and blankets*, in some cases even to excess, as well as good and adequate *shelter*, with sufficient *fuel* for comfortable warmth, were furnished by the United States Government to the rebel prisoners.

Condition of Rebel Prisoners.

In our visit to Fort Delaware we passed through the barracks and enclosures containing about eight thousand prisoners. We observed that these men were in good physical condition, and presented the aspect of health and strength; as was the case at other stations, as seen by the appended evidence. The careful attention to cleanliness urged, and sometimes even enforced, by the United States officers in charge, doubtless contributes to their general good condition in no small degree. We were unable to observe any difference between the treatment of the rebels and the United States soldiers in the hospital at Fort Delaware, or in Lincoln Hospital near Washington. The evidence proves the same arrangements of ward, and bed, and diet, to have been made, with all other necessary appliances, for the rebel as for the Union soldier, in the time of sickness, at all stations where prisoners of war are held by the United States Government.

Treatment of Union Prisoners in rebel hands.

When we come to investigate the testimony in relation to the treatment of United States soldiers while prisoners in the hands of the rebels, we find a most serious difference from the state of things above described.

Rations of Union prisoners.

We learn from those returned that the ra-

tions given them varied at different times and places, but their declarations all concur in this, that they had not *food* enough to sustain their strength, nor to satisfy their hunger; and though these men were held captive at various times, and for a varying period, and at various places, yet their average statements are the same with little limitation.

Quantity of ration.

Wheat bread was given to some of them for a short time, but the bread was generally made of corn meal. The largest daily ration of wheat bread, of which we have evidence, would weigh about eleven (11) ounces, and the smallest but little more than three (3) ounces. The largest daily ration of corn bread was in bulk from thirty-one (31) to thirty-two (32) cubic inches, representing rather more than twelve (12) ounces of corn meal, while the smallest represented but four (4) ounces. The ration of meat was, in a few instances, from four (4) to six (6) ounces, but generally about two ounces, though in some cases it was less than this.

The meat was irregularly given; not often daily, and to some, only at intervals of days, or even several weeks, and when meat was served, the bread was, in many instances, diminished.

About half a pint of soup, containing sweet potato, or generally beans or peas in amount about two ounces, was sometimes given, with or without meat in different cases. The beans and peas were occasionally given raw and dry.

The maximum amount of solid food for one day, described, was . . . 10 oz. bread.
6 oz. beef.

With half a pint of soup made of the water in which the beef was boiled, and containing about two ounces of beans or peas, and, therefore representing 2 oz.

Total, 18 oz.

The minimum amount was about 4 oz. bread.
. 1 oz. beef.

Total, 5 oz.

And so between five (5) and eighteen (18) ounces the rations varied, and in the article of meat, especially, was the great deficiency.

Character and Quality of the Ration.

But it is necessary to note the character also of the rations. The quality of the wheat bread appears to have been good, but that of the corn bread decidedly the reverse. It was made of meal which was

* See also letter from Quartermaster-General Meigs, appended.

† See Appendix.

coarsely ground and rough, contained all the hull (or bran), often whole grains of corn, with fragments of cob or of husk intermingled; frequently ill-baked, or over-baked, and sour and musty withal.

The soup was, by universal declaration of the witnesses, repulsive in odor and disgusting in flavor. It appears to have been made of the water in which the beef was boiled. Gravel and sand were the least objectionable of the impurities found in it.

The beans and peas issued were generally worm-eaten, and contained these insects in quantities, so that they would be floating on the surface, or intermixed throughout the mass of soup and beans.

Ill effects of the Rations.

Dunglison, in the work before quoted, says that "Corn bread, with those unaccustomed to its use, is apt to produce diarrhœa, in consequence *probably* of the presence of the husk,* with which it is always more or less mixed, &c.," and it is "but little adapted for those liable to bowel affections, &c. And Dr. Hassall says, "In those unaccustomed to its use, maize is considered to excite and to keep up a tendency to diarrhœa."

Every one is aware of the laxative influence of so-called bran bread,† which is due to the physical action of the hull of the grain upon the delicate lining membrane of the stomach and bowels, acting thereupon as an excitant or irritant, though tempered by the bland influence of the wheaten flour. Now what must be the result when the meal is of corn, and coarse, and intermixed with hull and grain entire, with husk and cob in fragments, among our Northern troops, who are, for the most part, "unaccustomed to the use of corn meal"? We see by the evidence, that some of the men observed the influence of this bread, in producing the diarrhœa with which so many were afflicted.

The character of the soup, as above described, would stamp it as entirely unfit for food, and upon men already suffering from diarrhœa, the evil influence of such a compound is but too plainly to be imagined. The evidence shows that some could not eat it, though hungry to starvation.

No variety in Rations of Union Prisoners.

The average amount of meat allowed was so small that it is not worthy of special consideration; and as to the *variety* and *change* of diet, upon which all physiologists lay so great stress,—it is not in the Record,—*there was none of it.*

* Prof. Dunglison informs me that by the word *husk*, he intends to imply that which is commonly denominated *bran*.

† See Pereira, Food and Diet.

Comparison of rations of Union and of Rebel prisoners.

How do these amounts and qualities compare with the maximum forty-three ounces, or the minimum thirty-four and a half ounces, of standard Government food, of excellent quality, and abundant room for variety, and extra issue of fresh vegetables according to necessity, which the United States Government allows its prisoners? The question may be answered by contrasting the exhausted, the attenuated, the melancholy, the imbecile, the dying, and the dead, Union soldiers, returning home from Richmond, with the cheerful, healthy, and vigorous Southerners, held at, or released from, the various United States stations referred to in the appended testimony.

Consequence of deficient food.

Let us look now at the consequence of deficiency of food, as explained by students and observers of the subject.

In the Medical and Surgical history of the British army which served in Turkey and the Crimea, we find that "during January, 1855, by the deficiency of food, the efficiency of the whole army was seriously compromised. Disease was simply the more overt manifestation of a pathological state of the system, which was all but universal, and merely indicated the worst grades of it. *Fever and affections of the bowels* represented the forms in which morbid actions were usually presented, while *gangrene and scurvy* indicated *those privations and that exposure* from which these diseases were mainly derived." Again, "in starvation the tissues of the body are consumed for the production of heat, and rapid loss of weight is the consequence. The other vital processes all involve decomposition of the substance of organs, and add to the loss which the body undergoes. From insufficient food for a few

Diseases produced by insufficient food.

weeks, disease is almost invariably induced; *typhus* and *typhoid fever*, *scurvy* and *anæmia* are the consequences."* Dr. Carpenter, in his Human Physiology, says, "the prisoners confined in Mill Bank Penitentiary, in 1823, who had previously received an allowance of from thirty-one to thirty-three ounces of dry nutriment daily, had this allowance suddenly reduced to twenty-one ounces,—animal food being almost entirely excluded from the diet scale. They were at the same time subjected to a low grade of temperature, and to considerable exertion; in the course of a few weeks the health of a large proportion of the inmates began to give way. The first symptoms were loss of color, and diminution of health and strength, subsequently *diar-*

* Hammond's Hygiene.

rheza, dysentery, scurvy, and lastly adynamic fevers, or headache, vertigo, convulsions, maniacal delirium, apoplexy, &c. After death, ulcerations of the mucous lining of the alimentary canal were very commonly found; fifty-two per cent. were thus affected. That the reduction of the allowance of food was the main source of the epidemic, was proved, * * * &c."

Insufficient nutrition is starvation.

We appeal here to Chossat's Inquiries, resulting in the proof of this curious effect of *insufficient nutriment*, that it produces an incapability of digesting even the small amount consumed. "So that, in the end, the results are the same as those of *entire deprivation of food*, the total amount of loss being almost exactly identical, but its rate being less."

Privations other than of food.

But in addition to a starvation diet, our evidence furnishes proof of confinement to overcrowded rooms, without proper ventilation—of want of *clothing*—want of *shelter*—and denial of suitable means of warmth, whether by *blankets* or by *fuel*, and this even during the fall, winter, and spring just passed.

Crowd-Poisoning.

"*Overcrowding, imperfect ventilation, and want of cleanliness*, are three conditions usually associated, and may be designated by the single term *Crowd-Poisoning*."* The evidence exhibits that about twenty square feet was, in some instances, all the superficial space permitted to each man confined in prison. And, on Belle Isle, it would appear that for a time there was little variation from the same area. "The air of crowded camps and habitations becomes contaminated through emanations given off during respiration, through effluvia from the skin, and by the decomposition of the various excreta. The nitrogenized matter carried into the air from the skin, and the products arising from the decomposition of the excreta, are sources of deadly mischief. The effects of overcrowding are not only manifested by the increased violence and the adynamic character of all diseases occurring among those exposed, but the development and severity of the adynamic fevers appear particularly connected with this cause."† And again, "To the organic matters emanating from the human body, more than to any other cause, the injurious results of overcrowding are to be ascribed."

"The proofs are ample, that the emanations from the human body are of a decidedly deleterious character, when present in large

amounts in the atmosphere inhaled. They are absorbed by the clothing, and even the walls of the room take them up and retain them for a long time."* "If animals be kept crowded together in ill-ventilated apartments, they speedily sicken."† "The continued respiration of an atmosphere charged with the exhalations of the lungs and skin is the most potent of all the predisposing causes of disease."‡

Uncleanliness compelled.

But Dr. Woodward alludes to "want of cleanliness" as one of the elements of ordinary crowd-poisoning. Far more than ordinary was this "want" in the rebel prisons, especially on Belle Isle. A reference to the evidence will show that accumulation of filth of the most noisome character was compelled by prison discipline; that important accommodations were denied during the night hours, resulting in unavoidable soiling of the quarters of the prisoners, while the means of bathing, though convenient, were to so great an extent denied the prisoners, as to produce, in a large number of them, a condition of the skin, which is not only a disease in itself, but is also a cause of disorders various and grave. §

Condition of Union Prisoners.

We observed the surface of the bodies of a number who suffered thus; it was of most remarkable aspect, appearing as though it had been covered with a heavy coat of common varnish, which had dried, and cracked, and was peeling up in scales of every size. To the touch, it was as sand-paper of irregular quality. The cuticle—both effete and living—lay in masses, separated by fissures of varying extent and depth, through which watery and bloody fluids were seen exuding. The soles of the feet were like the sole of a plasterer's shoe—white, brown and yellow; the cuticle dried and broken, and laminated variously.

The functions of the skin, upon which physiologists lay so great stress, are here almost entirely unperformed, and hence we have "gastric disturbances, and diarrhœas," with suppression of that aeration of blood—that true respiration, which, physiologists tell us, takes place through the skin. Hence the lungs are overtaxed, and congestions are induced. And when to this we add the depraved state of the blood of the sufferers, and their exposures to cold, and wet, and storm, by day and night, we have, in full quantity, those general and special condi-

* Hammond.

† Dunglison.

‡ Carpenter.

§ See Surgeon Ely's evidence.

* Woodward; Camp Diseases.

† Woodward.

tions, which induce pulmonary diseases of every grade and character.

Clothing and warmth vs. starvation.

On the question of clothing and warmth; from what has been shown above, a corollary is directly deducible, viz.: That if food be in limited quantity, low temperature should be avoided, and external warmth duly maintained. "Artificial warmth may be made to take the place of nourishment otherwise required. And there is adequate ground for considering death by *starvation*, as really death from *cold*. The temperature of the body is maintained with little diminution till the fat is consumed, and then rapidly falls, unless it be kept up by heat externally applied." * Now not only was external heat not granted by the rebels to their prisoners, but their blankets were generally taken from them, as also some of their personal clothing.

The sick and feeble liable to freezing.

Further, "*the sick and feeble will not bear the low temperature, which, to those in good condition, acts as a healthful stimulant. In diseases attended with deficient power of circulation, congelation of the tissues is liable to occur, from the effects of a temperature which could not give rise to it in a healthy subject.*" We see that diarrhœa, scurvy,—and these two disorders existing coincidentally "in the majority of cases of diarrhœa,"—congestion of the lungs of atonic character, and "debilitas," (as the medical records of the hospital have it,) all stand out prominently in the evidence, as being an almost constant condition among those who have been prisoners in Danville, Va., Richmond, Va., and especially on Belle Isle. The authorities hereinbefore quoted show that these formidable disorders are the legitimate offspring of the treatment to which our men have been subjected while in the hands of the rebels. Shall we be surprised that diseases obey the laws of their production, or that they flourish, luxuriant and rank, in a soil specially prepared for their reception? And are not all these "diseases attended with deficient power of circulation"? Are not the subjects of the same "sick and feeble"? Is it all surprising that they cannot bear the low temperature of a winter on Belle Isle,—clad only in worn-out or scanty clothing,—with inadequate or with no shelter,—with little fire, or generally none at all,—and having no resting place but the ground, in mud and frost and snow? Nay, is it not a cause for wonder that "congelation of the tissues" was not even more common among them? Our evidence tells of many men freezing on Belle Isle, to loss of limb, and more, of life.

* Carpenter.

Men frozen.

We saw cases of "amputation by frost," at the United States Hospitals, at Baltimore, and Annapolis, and the "Quarterly Report of the hospitals for the Federal prisoners, Richmond, Va.," (appended,) shows that of two thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine patients admitted in January, February, and March, 1864, there were fifteen cases of gelatio, (or freezing,) and fifty of gangrene from frozen feet! And from the same

Numbers diseased as above.

document we find that two thousand one hundred and twenty-one, out of the two thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine, were affected with debility, adynamic fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, diseases of the chest, and scurvy—the very effects proved above to be produced by starvation, cold, overcrowding, filth, and exposure; and, as already mentioned, the testimony of the United States surgeons at Annapolis and Baltimore shows that the great majority of our soldiers received from rebel prisons suffered under the same affections. These surgeons further

Management of the sick.

declare, that these diseases did not yield to ordinary medical treatment; that they were most successfully managed by "nullifying the cause," that is, by nutrition and stimulation, with especial attention to cleanliness and fresh air, medical agencies being only accessories, and sometimes not resorted to at all.

Starvation in Flanders.

M. Fleury (cours d'hygiène) says: "Sous le nom de *fièvre de famine*, M. de Meersman a tracé un tableau complet et méthodique de l'état morbide que développe l'alimentation insuffisante, et qu'il dit avoir observé en 1846 et 1847 dans les Flandres belges." He then recounts the article, which is too long to bear quotation here, but it is a most singularly accurate description of that which our soldiers returned from rebel prisons state in regard to their own feelings and sufferings,—of those conditions which the United States surgeons at the Baltimore and Annapolis hospitals have delineated to us,—and which we witnessed and observed in our visits to the institutions above mentioned.

Cause of condition and mortality of returned Union prisoners.

It is utterly incorrect to charge the bodily attenuation, the mental imbecility, and the startling mortality which prevail so largely among the men from the prisons of the South, upon the mere diseases of which they are the subjects. If a man swallow a poisonous dose of arsenic, he will suffer pain, vomiting, diarrhœa, hæmorrhages, and convulsions, even unto death; are these "more overt manifestations,"—these necessary consequen-

ces of the morbid agent applied,—to be considered as the causes of the death? Or shall we go to the true first cause direct, and say “the man died by poisoning by arsenic?”

So have our men died,—from cold and exposure, from crowd poisoning, from starvation and from privation, while the way to death was roughly paved with disease of body and of mind,—mere minor manifestations of those allied powers of evil.

Treatment of sick Union prisoners.

But we further find a similar treatment,—similar in kind, though modified in degree,—dealt out to the wounded and the sick on Belle Isle and in Richmond. The evidence of those who have been under the care of the surgeons at these stations is corroborated by the testimony of Colonel Farnsworth, and by that of Surgeons Ferguson and Richards. The latter lay stress upon the offensive, and “utterly unfit,” character of the beds and bedding, and declare that the diet was “entirely insufficient to give them a proper chance of recovery,” and state further that there was a deficiency of medical supplies in the hospital for Federal prisoners, while the evidence is before us that at General Hospital No. 4, Richmond, the *Confederate soldier* had “as much good food as he could eat, with good bedding and sheets;” and evidence to the same end appears in relation to “Confederate hospitals in the field.”

Mortality in Rebel Hospitals for Union Prisoners.

On the subject of the mortality of Union prisoners in rebel hands, we find that the “Quarterly Report,” above referred to, exhibits a record, which, though startling and fearful, is yet easily explained by the foregoing considerations. For what can be expected of men worn out, almost unto death, by the want of those things which are necessary for the body,—and then further reduced by disease,—when subjected to such privations and noxious influences as those described by Surgeons Ferguson and Richards? This “Report” shows a mortality among the sick of rather more than fifty per cent! * How does this compare with that at the United States General Hospital at Annapolis which is only eighteen per cent?

Mortality in U. S. A. Hospital.

Yet the cases at Annapolis were all brought by flag-of-truce boat from City Point, Virginia, and were of the same general class as those in the “Hospitals for the Federal Prisoners, Richmond, Virginia.”

Mortality at Belle Isle.

Further, we find that “a Confederate official, whose evidence cannot be questioned, declared that of the numbers remaining at

Belle Isle, then about eight thousand (8,000), about twenty-five died daily, and that it would be but a few weeks before the deaths would count fifty a day.” From this, we have a mortality at Belle Island in a ratio of *one hundred and fourteen per cent. per year*, with double this amount in prospect.

Mortality at Andersonville.

Again; the *Macon Journal and Messenger* says that “there are now over twenty-seven thousand (27,000) prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, among whom the deaths are from fifty to sixty a day,” or in a ratio of about from *sixty-eight to eighty-one per cent. per year.**

Mortality at Fort Delaware.

Turn now to the mortality among the rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware, where, in addition to the more ordinary causes of sickness and death among soldier-prisoners, we find “small-pox, the majority of the prisoners not having been vaccinated before they came here.” Also, a “prostrated condition of the prisoners from Vicksburg, a great many of whom had to be carried, on their arrival here, from the boat to the hospital, and many of whom represented that they had been limited to half and quarter rations during the siege of Vicksburg;” and “prisoners from Vicksburg and the Mississippi Valley laboring under miasmatic influences, under which a great number of them died.” Yet with all these extra causes of death, the mortality for the entire year just closed, amounts to less than *twenty-nine per cent.*, and when these special causes ceased to exist, it diminished rapidly, and during the three months of April, May, and June, it had fallen to *below a ratio of ten and a half per cent. per year*, and was still diminishing, while the sum total of prisoners was yet increasing.

Mortality at Johnson's Island.

Again; at Johnson's Island, Sandusky bay, Ohio,—the climate of which station has been stigmatized by our enemies as insalubrious, and in high degree pernicious to the constitution of the Southerner,—the deaths among the rebel prisoners during the year 1863, with the prevalence of measles and small-pox, amounted to *less than nine per cent.*; and during May and June of this year, there were but six deaths, that is, in the *ratio of less than two per cent. per year.*

By such contrasts of mortality at United States stations, and at rebel stations, argument and comment are struck dumb.

* Since this was written a sworn statement has come to our hands, (a copy of which will be found in the Supplement,) whence it appears that the mortality at Andersonville had increased rapidly, and had advanced in fact to a ratio from *one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and fifty-two per cent. per year.*

* Four deaths only occurred from wounds.

Additional Mortality.

There are still others, who are destined to fall victims to what we are compelled by the evidence to consider a carefully devised plan for the destruction of Union soldiers, by weapons as surely, though not so mercifully, fatal, as shot and shell and bayonet. We refer to such, as, being broken down in mind and intellect, and vitiated in bodily vigor, and diseased beyond hope of recovery, by all the morbid causes which the rebel authorities have arrayed against them during their imprisonment,—and who being discharged from their country's service for disability,—will, in weeks and months to come, swell the local lists of mortality in the districts of their own homes.

Kindness of Rebel Surgeons.

We have been much gratified to find, not only from the sworn testimony, but from private conversation with a very large number of our returned prisoners, that the treatment and attention they received at the hands of the rebel surgeons was kind and sympathizing; their necessities were evidently as faithfully ministered to by these medical officers, (with one exception only), as the provision made by the authorities of the rebel government would allow.

Respectfully submitted,

ELLERSLIE WALLACE.

July, 1864.

TO THE READERS OF THE LIVING AGE,

AFTER THEY SHALL HAVE PERUSED THE REPORT OF THE SANITARY COMMITTEE

Now that you have read—with a sorrow and indignation which words cannot speak, and which can only be expressed by tears, and sobs, and teeth closely set together—the record of cruelties inflicted upon your fathers, and brothers, and sons who went forth at the call of their country to uphold her Constitution and Laws,—it is important that you should have a clear knowledge of the origin of these horrors.

They seem to have been prompted by fiendish malignity and ingenuity. But the perpetrators did not arise from the bottomless pit. They were born of women. They were originally like yourselves. And if subjected to the same temptations, you would become even as they are, and as many Northern men have already become.

These human beings (for such they are) have had their worst propensities magnified and inflamed by the possession of despotic and irresponsible power. Cut off, by their own intolerance and fierceness, from the so-

ciety of all who believe in the Declaration of Independence, and from the influence of the public opinion of Christendom (of which they heard only enough to irritate them), they have herded together, and have “bred in and in” their defiance of the laws of God and man, and their hatred and cruelty, until they seem to have been delivered over to believe that they have a Divine right to do as they please, not only to their slaves, but to all mankind who differ from them.

These effects have legitimately flowed from Slavery. You must remove the cause, if you wish to have peace and union.

But this cause removed, by the blessing of Almighty God upon our armies, we shall dwell together in safety. The Capital and Industry of the Free States will make the South the Garden of America; will make her production an hundred-fold; and once more,

“As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.”